

SOME TRUTHS OF HISTORY:

A VINDICATION
OF THE SOUTH.

BY T. KOGLESBY.



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SOME TRUTHS OF HISTORY

A VINDICATION OF THE SOUTH AGAINST
THE ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA
AND OTHER MALIGNERS

By THADDEUS K. OGLESBY

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Some Press Comment.

"Mr. Oglesby has done the South a great service. He has not only undermined a slander, but has brought to the surface facts of which 999 persons out of every 1,000 are ignorant or forgetful. Any man or woman who loves the South can well afford to pay the price charged per copy."—*The Richmond (Va.) Dispatch*.

"Mr. Oglesby's vindication is ample. He has grouped together the remarkable deeds of Southern men in a way that is truly admirable. We could wish that a copy were in the hands of every Southern family and that every boy in the Southland would read it and find within its pages an incentive to emulate the example of some native of the South who has contributed to the happiness or advancement of mankind."—*The News and Observer (Raleigh, N. C.)*

"We cannot afford to permit sectional narrowness and malice to misrepresent the South to coming generations, which may be led astray by the persistent repetition of such audacious falsehoods as that in the *Britannica*. Fortunately this encyclopediac slander of the South has already been answered in a pamphlet by Mr. T. K. Oglesby, which should be in the library of every Southern family, and should be read by every Southern man and woman."—*The Baltimorean (Baltimore, Md.)*

"The Southern people are deeply indebted to Mr. T. K. Oglesby for a complete and masterly vindication of the South against the aspersions of the *Encyclopedia Britannica*—aspersions that are either the outcome of inexcusable ignorance or of inexplicable malice, or of both combined. Mr. Oglesby's book should be in the hands of every Southern man especially, and of every other man who values the truth of history."—*The Index-Appeal (Petersburg, Va.)*

"The article on American literature in the *British Encyclopedia* is just now undergoing a severe handling from the Southern newspapers. There is one paragraph in particular

which has aroused the ire of the Southerners, and it reads as follows: * * * *

“Mr. T. K. Oglesby, a loyal Southerner, has prepared a list to show the untruthfulness of the Encyclopedia article. The sweeping claim for New England made in the article and the sweeping arraignment of the South are absurd enough. * * * * There is one thing that New England may justly claim the credit of teaching to the South, and that is the doctrine of secession. * * * The Encyclopedia writer ought to make claims that can be supported.”—*Philadelphia Inquirer*, May 31, 1891.

“Mr. Oglesby’s articles are truthful, brilliant, pungent and delightful. It would be impossible for a Southern man to read them and not feel a sense of increased pride in his section; and for the rising generation just such literature is needed to counteract the poison instilled by alien and embittered writers. *The Times* would like to see this interesting and instructive little book in the hands of every Southern family. It is a text-book for the politician, for the student, and for everybody. It presents the facts of history on points in which every Southerner is vitally interested, because it is a complete refutation of current slanders impeaching the character of Southern people.”—*The Florence (Ala.) Times*.

“This is an able defense of the South against the aspersion of the Encyclopedia Britannica, and a criticism of that work by Mr. T. K. Oglesby. It consists of a series of articles originally published in the Montgomery (Ala.) Advertiser, all of which are truthfully and pungently written. They are just such articles as are needed to do away with the false impressions of the South so industriously attempted to be circulated by her foreign and domestic enemies. They are conclusive evidence of the necessity of a history of the South by Southern men instead of allowing that work to be done by villifiers and traducers of this section.”—*The Richmond (Va.) Times*.

“Mr. T. K. Oglesby has rendered the whole South a great service in a pamphlet which he has published, entitled ‘The Britannica Answered and the South Vindicated,’ with an array of facts that will make every Southerner still prouder of his native land. Every one who desires to know the truth of

history, whether he be of Southern or of Northern birth, should read this pamphlet."—*The Manufacturers' Record* (Baltimore, Md.)

"For the sake of your children get Mr. Oglesby's masterly vindication of the South and seal it in the volume that contains the slander, if your library is disgraced with it. We must fortify; we must defend. We must write our own history and establish our glorious past before the civilized world."—*Major Charles H. Smith* ("Bill Arp") in *The Atlanta Constitution*.

"Mr. T. K. Oglesby, who is well-known in South Carolina as a devoted son of the South, has written a little book which should be in the hands of every citizen who has pride in his State and people. It is a vindication of the South against the outrageous slander upon this section contained in the *Encyclopedia Britannica*. * * *

"Mr. Oglesby, in the space of his pamphlet of sixty pages, makes a brilliant and complete defense of the South from this vicious and lying charge. He gives a mass of facts, showing Southern achievement upon every line of thought, and affording information to even the best informed of Southern men which will open their eyes to the glorious record of their section. No South Carolinian can afford to be without this little book. Nowhere else can he learn so much, in so small a space, about his people."—*The State* (Columbia, S. C.)

"Evidently the *Encyclopedia Britannica* is not entitled to a high character for accuracy. What is wanted is a book of reference that can be relied upon for facts gathered with painstaking care and stated in their true order and proportions. Will the South have to write its own encyclopedia in order to escape the disgust the perusal of the *Britannica* inspires?

"The answer 'Yes' is given in a pamphlet by Mr. T. K. Oglesby, published at Montgomery, Ala., in which the *Britannica's* treatment of the South is discussed. Mr. Oglesby presents a long—a very long—list of Southern statesmen, generals, jurists, orators, poets, novelists, scientists and scholars who 'since the Revolution days' have won the admiration of mankind, and that, too, without 'migrating to New York or Boston in search of a university training.' Mr. Cable, it is true,

has migrated, but no discerning person would include him in Mr. Oglesby's list. * * *

"It was to be expected that the publishers of the Encyclopedia Britannica, preferring to get at the truth, would take the pains to free its articles on American subjects from the defects, arising from sectional prejudices, that disfigure American encyclopedias and other books published in the North. This, however, it has clearly not done. It has apparently had its articles on American subjects written or edited in New England, and in the narrow provincial spirit of the literary men of that section. The quotation from its article on American literature must amaze readers who have acquaintance with the facts of American history.'"—*The Sun* (Baltimore, Md.)

Prefatory Note.

THE following answer to the *Encyclopedia Britannica*'s aspersion of the South, and accompanying comment in criticism of that encyclopedia, were first published in the form of articles in the *Montgomery* (Ala.) *Advertiser*, in January, 1891. To refute the misrepresentation of the South by a book of world-wide circulation that was accepted as authority by so many people—to show that the stigma it places upon her is undeserved—and to further, to the extent at least of the circulation of the paper in which they were published, the establishing of the truth of history in place of the grossly false so-called history which ignorance and prejudice have so long and with so much detriment to the South, caused to be taken for the truth, was the object of these articles.

Shortly after their appearance in the columns of the *Advertiser*, an edition of the articles, under the title "The Britannica Answered And The South Vindicated," was issued in pamphlet form, in compliance with requests so numerous as to indicate what seemed to be a very general desire. Many appreciative—and appreciated—expressions touching the pamphlet were received in personal letters from Boston to California, but the decision to issue another edition—the execution of which has been long delayed for a convenient

season—was chiefly induced by the two following letters:

“MARIETTA, GA., Nov. 20th, 1893.

“T. K. OGLESBY, ESQ., New Orleans.

“My Dear Sir: I cannot undertake what I wish to say in regard to the pamphlet—‘The Britannica Answered and the South Vindicated’—with a *pen*. *
* * I cannot *write* to you; I must *converse* with you.

“In one sense your pamphlet gave me great comfort; in another sense quite the reverse. Words cannot convey an idea of the *goneness* about my heart which has now existed for so many years, created by the realization, constantly kept alive by new discovery, that Mr. Stephens’s great work, ‘*The War Between the States*,’ had fallen, as it were, ‘still-born’ from the press; that it was *unread* at the South; that the educated man at the South who knew anything of its contents was a ‘*rara avis*.’ That, however, was a work of *two volumes*; but here—in the pamphlet—was a grouping of brief, lively articles brimful of *thought* and *fact*, which had appeared in a *newspaper*, and I, always eager to read anything defensive of the South, had never heard of them. So far as I was concerned—but for the incident which has brought us together—they might as well have been published in mid-Africa. Why were the articles not *republished*, at the time of their appearance, in some of the newspapers I am in the habit of reading? Why were they not thrown into *all* of our papers? Alas! alas! it is the

same old story! The independent South has ceased to exist. The *memory* of the South is potent only in Confederate Veteran Associations. * * * * *

“I observe that you placed your masterly and absolutely *invaluable* series of papers in aggregate form for the market. Am I venturing too far in asking what *success* you have met with—not with an eye to pecuniary profit—but to giving circulation to your work?

“My dear sir, as I continue to write, I feel the oppression growing heavier upon me that the pen (which I have come to wield so painfully and awkwardly) will not subserve my purpose. Do you not visit Georgia occasionally? Is it likely that you will be in Georgia soon? * * * * * Most happy would I be to welcome you under my roof, and so soon as you can come. I feel that I must see you if that be possible. * * *

“Pray excuse my slovenly penmanship; * * *
* * * and allow me to subscribe myself your sincere and admiring friend,

“HENRY R. JACKSON.”

“AGRICULTURAL COLLEGE, MISS., May 22, 1894.

“MR. T. K. OGLESBY.

“My Dear Sir: I write to express my great appreciation of the pamphlet named ‘The Britannica Answered and the South Vindicated,’ which was published by you, and to express the hope that you will get out a new edition of it in order that the very valuable historical facts brought out in it may be further

perpetuated, and placed on file in the libraries of the South. I consider the pamphlet one of the most complete and thorough vindications of the South that has been written by any one since the war. I prize it as the most valuable I have seen. I feel sure it will find a ready sale if reproduced, and I trust that you will have a new and enlarged edition published. * * * Your efforts in vindicating the South should have the thanks of every true Southerner. I am frank to say that I do not know of any one who has done more effective work in this direction than yourself.

“With kind wishes, yours truly,

“S. D. LEE.”

These two letters, especially, constrained me to feel it a duty—which I thought to have performed before now—to issue another edition of the publication to which they refer in terms which I cannot but feel are far beyond its merits. They came from two of the most illustrious representatives of that Old South that held the goodliest fellowship of knightly men and loyal women whereof this world holds record;—that South (now dead, alas, forever!) whose memory, to all who ever felt its charm, to all who ever inhaled the aroma of its rare civilization, is “dear as remembered kisses after death.” It was to vindicate that South from the charge of barbarism made against it by such a book as the *Encyclopedia Britannica* that the pamphlet had been written, and it is with the desire that its facts “may be further perpetuated”—may be more

widely circulated—that another edition is issued, under the present title, including, besides the original *Advertiser* articles and some additional matter incorporated into them, other articles contributed by the writer to the press, and other matter of a historical character, worthy of note and preservation.

One of the writers of the letters here quoted—General Henry R. Jackson, soldier, orator, poet, lawyer, diplomat and statesman—is now the “breather of an ampler day” with the host of glorious immortals with whom, in this life, he illustrated the land they loved so well. “Ah! few and far on Glory’s slope their lessening numbers stand.”

The other—General Stephen D. Lee—still lives, in hale old age, and will ever live in the hearts of his countrymen, for no brighter blade than his ever flashed in the battle’s front to save their loved homes from war’s desolation.

The first of these letters shows how intensely its distinguished writer felt with regard to whatever touched the name and fame of the South, and how deeply oppressed he was at the thought—forced upon him by so much that he saw and read—that “the independent South has ceased to exist,” and that “the memory of the South is potent only in Confederate Veteran Associations.” His death soon after my return to Georgia from the Southwest prevented me (a misfortune I shall ever deplore) from having the pleasure and privilege of meeting and talking with General Jackson—or, rather, of hearing him talk, and tell of that historic

past in which he lived and bore so distinguished a part. In a letter subsequent to the one here quoted he wrote that he had in mind the publication of a volume of personal recollections and reflections, and it is greatly to be regretted that he did not carry the purpose into execution, for there were few whose lives extended over a more interesting period than that during which he lived, and it would be hard indeed to find among the living the tongue and pen to speak and write with the eloquence of that widely accomplished man.

T. K. OGLESBY.

Atlanta, Ga., January, 1903.

"We cannot too strongly urge upon our people the great importance of avoiding, as far as possible, the purchasing and disseminating of books and literature which are unkind and unfair to the South, which belittle our achievements, impugn our motives, and malign the characters of our illustrious leaders. An example of this kind of literature is the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, which, while a work of exceptional merit in many particulars, abounds in such a distortion of historical facts in reference to the South as could have emanated only from ignorance or malignity. A yet more flagrant example of this kind is a reprint in part of that encyclopædia, known as the R. S. Peale reprint (published by the Werner Company, of Chicago), now being advertised in Southern newspapers.

* * *Justice to the South requires that the entire field of history be explored and its neglected facts be faithfully gathered and portrayed. We need a 'renaissance' of history throughout the South.*"—From the reports of the Historical Committee of the United Confederate Veterans, at Birmingham, Ala., April 25th, 1894; Houston, Texas, May 23d, 1895; and Richmond, Virginia, June 30th, 1896.

SOME TRUTHS OF HISTORY.

A Vindication of the South Against the Encyclopedia Britannica and Other Maligners.

I.

“Since the Revolution days the few thinkers of America born south of Mason and Dixon’s line—out-numbered by those belonging to the single State of Massachusetts—have commonly migrated to New York or Boston in search of a university training. In the world of letters, at least, the Southern States have shone by reflected light; nor is it too much to say that mainly by their connection with the North the Carolinas have been saved from sinking to the level of Mexico or the Antilles. Like the Spartan marshaling his helots, the planter lounging among his slaves was made dead to art. It has only flourished freely in a free soil, and for almost all its vitality and aspirations we must turn to New England.”—*Encyclopedia Britannica* (ninth edition), Volume 1, p. 719.

If the sons and daughters of the South do not themselves uphold the truth of history, “the dust on antique time will lie unswept, and mountainous error be too highly heaped for truth to overpeer.” As my mite towards averting a consummation so much to be deprecated, I desire to place before the public, through the columns of the *Advertiser*, in answer to the statements of the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, a summary of historical facts, showing that to the South, far more than to any other section, is this Union indebted for the genius, wisdom, enterprise, patriotism and valor that have given it so proud an eminence among the nations of the earth. I purpose to fix these facts in the firmament of truth, so grouped that the most care-

less observer of that field can easily see and comprehend them; and so that the children of the South can readily grasp them, and with them confound the maligners of their fathers and their native land whenever occasion calls for their defense. The material for this purpose being too abundant to be comprised in a single article of appropriate length for the columns of a daily paper, this will, if you please, be followed by other articles in refutation of the Britannica's slur upon the South, and exposing its general worthlessness as an encyclopedia for Americans, and especially for Southern people.

I will begin, then, the purposed refutation and exposure of the Britannica with the following simple statement of historic facts:

The first President of the United States, and the most illustrious American—"the man first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen;" the commander-in-chief of the army, under whose leadership the colonies won their independence, and on whom, by common acclaim, is bestowed the title, "the father of his country,"—was a Southern man.

The commander-in-chief of the Continental navy in the war of the Revolution was a Southern man,¹ so was the first President of the Continental Congress,² and a Southern member of that Congress was the author and mover of the adoption of the resolution declaring the Colonies free and independent States.³

1. James Nicholson. 2. Peyton Randolph. 3. Richard Henry Lee.

The greatest American orator—the man whose words most inspired the American heart and nerved the American arm in the struggle for independence—*Patrick Henry* was a Southern man.

The world's greatest Democrat, the author of the Declaration of Independence—the most famous production of an American pen—was a Southern man, and when the peoples of the United States met to celebrate the Centennial of that Declaration it was a Southern man who was selected to write the poem for the opening of that Centennial.¹ *Jefferson*

“The father of the Constitution” was a Southern man;² its greatest expounder—the greatest American jurist—was a Southern man;³ and when, in the fulness of time, the peoples of the Union came to celebrate the Centennial of that immortal instrument, it was a Southern man who was the chosen orator of that memorable and imposing occasion.⁴

For more than half the period of its existence the Government formed by that Constitution was administered by Presidents who were Southern men, and the years of their administrations mark immeasurably the happiest, most illustrious and beneficent eras of the Union. But nine men have been twice elected to the office of President of the United States; six of them were Southern men and six were slaveholders, and the only administration during which there was but one

1. Sidney Lanier.
2. James Madison.

3. John Marshall.
4. Samuel F. Miller.

defaulter—and he for a very small sum—was that of John Tyler, a Southern man.

It was the statesmanship of a Southern President,¹ seconded by the ability of a Southern diplomat,² that extended the boundary of the United States from the Gulf of Mexico and the Mississippi river to the Pacific ocean on the northwest, thus adding to them a territory greater in extent than their original limits; it was Southern valor and Southern statesmanship that carried the boundary on the southwest from the Sabine to the Rio Grande, and added Texas, New Mexico and California to the United States—an addition of 20,000 square miles more than the original thirteen States had; it was the prowess of a Southern soldier³ that secured to the Republic all that territory northwest of the Ohio river, of which the States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wisconsin, and part of Minnesota, were afterwards made; the policy that made that territory public domain—the common property of all the States—was the policy that has done more than any other to build up the Union, and it is indebted for that policy to the wisdom and patriotism of the Southern States of Maryland and Virginia,—to Maryland for proposing and urging it, and to Virginia for acceding to it, for that territory belonged to her, and in giving it to the United States for the sake of the Union (the gift of the South to the North) Virginia furnished the crowning proof of her devotion to that Union and became

1. Thomas Jefferson. 2. James Monroe. 3. George Rogers Clark.

the "mother of States" as she was already the "mother of statesmen"; and the men who blazed the way for civilization in that vast region beyond the Mississippi and the Rocky Mountains—the most famous American explorers and adventurers—were Southern men. Meriwether Lewis and William Clark, Virginians—Southerners—both, were the first white men who crossed the continent of North America,—“the first to break into the world-old solitudes of the heart of the continent.” Writing of them, Noah Brooks, the historian, says: “Peaceful farms and noble cities, towns and villages, thrilling with the hum of modern industry and activity, are spread over the vast spaces through which these explorers threaded their toilsome trail, amid incredible privations and hardships, showing the way westward across the boundless continent which is ours. Let the names of these two men long be held in grateful honor by the American people!”

For nearly two-thirds of the period of its existence has the Supreme Court of the United States—the sheet-anchor of the government—been presided over by Southern men, and their decisions constitute by far the wisest, purest and most luminous pages of the record of that august tribunal.

The writer of our national anthem was a Southern man;¹ of the three contemporary American statesmen known as “the great trio,”² two were Southern men, and it was one of these two whose statesmanship and

1. Francis S. Key.

2. Clay, Calhoun, and Webster.

patriotism twice saved the Union from dismemberment.

The author of the Emancipation Proclamation was of Southern birth and lineage, and his biographer, who was his intimate friend and law partner, records that Abraham Lincoln said that all his better qualities came from his Southern ancestry.¹

The first shot in the second war of the United States with England was fired by a Southern man,² the most distinguished soldiers of that war were Southern men, the most complete and overwhelming defeat that any English army has ever experienced was inflicted by Southern troops commanded by a Southern man;³ the man who performed what Admiral Nelson called "the most daring act of the age," and who received the thanks of all Europe for overthrowing the Barbary powers and putting an end to their inhuman cruelties, was a Southern man;⁴ the most distinguished soldiers of the war with Mexico were Southern men, and it was a Southerner who, amid unutterable cold and hunger and desolation, with his Fahrenheit thermometer at 49° below zero, planted the "Star-Spangled Banner" nearer the North Pole than any other mortal has ever

1. "He said, among other things, that she (his mother) was the illegitimate daughter of Lucy Hanks and a well-bred Virginia farmer or planter, and he argued that from this last source came his power of analysis, his logic, his mental activity, his ambition, and all the qualities that distinguished him from the other members and descendants of the Hanks family. His theory in discussing the matter of hereditary traits had been, that, for certain reasons, illegitimate children are sometimes sturdier and brighter than those born in lawful wedlock; and in his case he believed that his better nature and finer qualities came from this broad-minded, unknown Virginian."—Herndon's *Life of Lincoln*, vol. 1, p. 3.

2. Capt. John Rodgers, of Maryland.

3. Andrew Jackson.

4. Stephen Decatur.

carried it, and wrested from England an honor she had held for three centuries—the honor of having reached the “furthest north.”¹

Seven times did the Abolition party during its existence make Presidential nominations;² five of these times (including the only times when it was successful) was its standard bearer a Southern man; of the two vice-presidents elected by it one was a Southern man;³ of its other vice-presidential candidates one was a Southerner⁴ and the other—who was one of the founders and leaders of the “Free-soil” party and vice-president of the first National Convention of the Republican party—while not a native of the South, was the son of a Southern woman.⁵ The organizer and the first president of the “Underground Railroad” were Southern men,⁶ the publisher of the first abolition journal in America was a Southern man, who was the real pioneer of American abolition⁷ (notwithstanding Henry Ward Beecher’s quoted declaration that John Rankin—another Southerner—“was the father of abolitionism, the Martin Luther of the cause”); and for several years during the first quarter of the nineteenth century the only periodicals devoted exclusively to the cause of abolitionism were published in the South,⁸ during all of which time neither the pa-

1. Lieutenant James B. Lockwood.

2. 1840, '44, '48, '52, '56, '60, '64.

3. Andrew Johnson, a North Carolinian.

4. Thomas Morris.

5. George W. Julian.

6. Vestal Coffin, Levi Coffin (of North Carolina).

7. Charles Osborn, of North Carolina.

8. In Tennessee.

pers nor their publishers and editors were interfered with in any manner. On the contrary, they met with more success than similar publications in the North had experienced, and their first encounter with mob violence was when they went North. The only anti-slavery societies that were really active at that period were the manumission societies in the South. It was the denunciatory violence and incendiary fanaticism of the disunion abolitionists of the North, who, later on, under the lead of Garrison, Phillips, Parker and others, made war on the Constitution of the United States, denounced it as "a covenant with death and an agreement with hell," vowed they would not regard it, and repeatedly and persistently violated it, with the sanction and encouragement of their State governments,—this it was that balked the movement for abolition in the South, deluged the land with blood and billowed it with graves, and destroyed the Union created by the Constitution which they so denounced—the Constitution made by the Revolutionary fathers, with Washington at their head.

The first public or circulating library in America was in the South,¹ a Southern State was the first to secure religious liberty by organic law,² the first Sunday-school established in America was in a Southern State,³ the first native Methodist itinerant in America was a Southern man,⁴ a Southern man was

1. At Annapolis.

2. Maryland.

3. At Savannah, Georgia.

4. William Watters, of Maryland and Virginia.

the founder of the Methodist Episcopal Church in New England,¹ the first American to establish schools exclusively for the education of young women was a Southern man,² the first female college in the world was and is in a Southern State,³ the first post-graduate medical school in this country was established by a Southern physician and surgeon,⁴ the first college of dental surgery in the world was in a Southern city,⁵ the first man in the United States who received the degree of doctor of medicine was a Southern man,⁶ and so also was the first professor of pathological and surgical anatomy;⁷ the first agricultural journal in this country was established by a Southern man,⁸ the first successful commercial paper in the United States was a Southern publication,⁹ and I quote the words of that gifted and famous English woman and authoress, Harriet Martineau, in saying that, for more than fifty years after the Revolution days, "the best specimen of periodical literature that the country afforded was the Southern Review, published at Charleston"—Charleston of the Old South.

The man who first gave a complete description of the Gulf Stream—who first marked out specific routes to be followed in crossing the Atlantic—who first insti-

1. Jesse Lee, of Virginia. He was "the Apostle of Methodism" in New England.

2. John Lyle, of Virginia.

3. The Wesleyan Female College, Macon, Georgia.

4. The New York Polyclinic and Hospital, by Dr. John A. Wyeth, of Alabama, former President of the New York State Medical Association.

5. Baltimore.

6. Dr. John Achier, of Maryland.

7. Dr. John Wigner, of South Carolina.

8. The American Farmer, by John L. Skinner, of Maryland.

9. The New Orleans Prices Current.

tuted the system of deep-sea sounding—who first suggested the establishment of telegraphic communication between the continents by cable on the bed of the ocean, and who indicated the line along which the existing cable was laid—whose Treatise on Navigation has been a text-book in the United States navy—who was declared by Humboldt to be the founder of a new and important science, and on whom France, Austria, Prussia, Russia, Denmark, Belgium, Portugal, Sweden, Sardinia, Holland, Bremen and the Papal States bestowed orders of knighthood and other honors—was a Southern man;¹ and a Southern man originated the plan for splicing the cable in mid-ocean.²

It was a Southern man who was declared by the French Academy of Sciences to have done more for the cause of agriculture than any other living man,³ the inventor of the Gatling gun was a Southern man,⁴ and so was the inventor of the machinery that first propelled a boat by steam;⁵ it was the invention of a Southern man⁶ that made the Parrott gun effective, the first steamship that crossed the Atlantic went from a Southern city, whose name it bore, and whose citizens had it built,⁷ and its engine was constructed by a Southern man;⁸ and when the great inter-continental railroad—the Three Americas Railway, which is to unite, by one continuous line, North, Central and

1. Matthew Fontaine Maury.

2. Dr. James C. Palmer, of Maryland.

3. Cyrus H. McCormick.

4. Richard J. Gatling, of North Carolina.

5. James Rumsey, of Maryland.

6. Dr. John Brahan Read, of Alabama.

7. Savannah.

8. Daniel Dod, of Virginia.

South America—has been built, history will record the name of a Southern man as its projector—as the one who will be known as the father of that far-reaching, colossal enterprise.¹ The first act by a corporate body in the world adopting the locomotive engine as a tractive power on a railway for general passenger and freight transport, was by the board of directors of the South Carolina Railroad, and the first locomotive engine built for railway service in the United States was built for that road.

The inventor of the first comprehensive system of ciphers used by the Associated Press,² and of the first pyrotechnic system of signals in the United States,³ and of the original fire extinguisher,⁴ and the author of international fog-signals⁵—each of these was a Southern man; and no less an authority than Rear Admiral George E. Belknap, of the United States navy, says that, for the ease and accuracy with which the depths of the sea are now measured, the world is indebted primarily to the invention of John M. Brooke;—that to-day the machines in use the world over for deep sea sounding, of whatever name or description, are but modifications or adaptations of that invention. To this statement of Rear Admiral Belknap I add that John M. Brooke is the discoverer of the utility of the air-space in cannon, that he is the inventor of the Brooke gun, that he and John L. Porter devised

1. H. R. Helper, of North Carolina.

2. Alexander Jones, M. D., of North Carolina.

3. Henry J. Rogers, of Maryland.

4. William A. Graham, of Virginia.

5. Samuel P. Griffin, of Georgia.

and constructed the first iron-clad warship in the world's history, that he received from King William (Emperor William I.) of Prussia the gold medal of science awarded by the Academy of Berlin, and that he is a Southern man, and was an officer in the Confederate States navy, as was John L. Porter, who shares with him the honor due the genius that planned and constructed the ship that revolutionized the navies of the world. This is an appropriate place, too, for mention of the fact that the founder and organizer of the United States Naval Academy was another Southern man, who was also an officer in the Confederate States navy;¹ and of the further fact that the organizer and constructor of the United States Naval Observatory—which he made one of the best in the world—was a Southern man,—the same who was the first constructor of a working astronomical observatory and the first publisher of a volume of astronomical observations in the United States.²

That which has been pronounced the most original discovery ever made in physical science by an American was made by a native of the South;³ the man who first used sulphuric ether to produce anaesthesia for surgical operations,⁴ the successful performer of the first operation for extirpation of the ovary on record—"the father of ovariectomy,"⁵ the first who

1. Franklin Buchanan, of Maryland.

2. James Melville Gilliss.

3. The discovery of oxygen in the sun by photography, by Henry Draper, native of Virginia.

4. Dr. Crawford W. Long, of Georgia.

5. Ephraim McDowell, of Virginia.

performed the hip-joint amputation (one of the very gravest of surgical operations) in the United States,¹ the physician and surgeon to whom the world is indebted for one of the most notable modern advances in the art of surgery ("the bloodless method of Wyeth" as applied to the hip-joints and shoulder-joints),² the man distinguished as the greatest lithotomist of the nineteenth century,³ and the world's greatest gynecologist,⁴—were all Southern men.

The most learned American mineralogist,⁵ the greatest American naturalist,⁶ the most famous American musician,⁷ the artist known as "the American Titian,"⁸ the greatest American architect,⁹ and the world's greatest chess player,¹⁰ were all Southern men, as are the greatest American tragedian,¹¹ and the most noted American dramatist,¹² and the first Greek scholar in America to-day.¹³

The first woman in the world who received a col-

1. Dr. Walter Brashear, of Kentucky.

2. Dr. John A. Wyeth, of Alabama, who was a soldier in the Confederate army.

3. Benjamin W. Dudley, of Virginia.

4. J. Marion Sims, of South Carolina.

5. John Lawrence Smith, of South Carolina. He was employed by the Turkish government to explore its mineral resources, and it still derives part of its income from his discoveries. He received the order of Nichan Iftabar and that of the Medjidieh from that government, and the order of St. Stanislas from Russia, and the cross of the Legion of Honor from Napoleon III. He was also inventor of the inverted microscope.

6. Audubon, of Louisiana.

7. Gottschalk, of Louisiana.

8. Washington Allston, of South Carolina.

9. Henry H. Richardson, of Louisiana.

10. Paul Morphy, of Louisiana.

11. Edwin Booth, of Maryland.

12. Augustin Daly, of North Carolina.

13. Basil L. Gildersleeve, of South Carolina (Greek professor in Johns Hopkins University).

lege diploma was a Southern woman,¹ so was the first woman in the world to direct and conduct a great daily political newspaper,² and the only woman on record who was the wife of a governor, the sister of a governor, the niece of a governor, the mother of a governor and the aunt and foster-mother of a governor, was a Southern woman.³

How stands the Britannica's assertion in the light of these facts?

II.

The facts I have already stated are enough and more than enough to vindicate the South from the aspersions of the Encyclopedia Britannica, but the occasion, and the fact that there are some who—unduly impressed by the high-sounding title and the imposing claims of that pretentious and ponderous collection of abstruse essays—are inclined to make a literary fetish of it, require that something further be here written in contrasting its statements with the truth of history.

The Britannica, in its article on American Literature, naming the two Carolinas as types of the Southern States, asserts that mainly by their connection with the North have they been saved from sinking to the level of Mexico or the Antilles—from becoming, in short, a set of semi-barbarians. To this explicit assertion, so degrading to Southern people, I oppose an

1. Mrs. Catherine E. Benson (Miss Brewer), of Georgia.

2. Mrs. Eliza J. Nicholson, of the New Orleans Picayune.

3. Mrs. Richard Manning, of South Carolina.

explicit denial, and I hale the Britannica before the tribunal of History, whose record it has falsified.

A FURTHER APPEAL TO THE RECORD.

What says that record further? Was it in the South, or in the North—in the Carolinas, or in Massachusetts—that a law was made prescribing that a person, if once convicted of being a Quaker, should lose one ear,—if twice so convicted, should lose another ear,—and if convicted the third time of the diabolical crime of Quakerism, was to be bored through the tongue with a red-hot iron? Was it in the South, or in the North—in the Carolinas, or in Massachusetts—that a penalty was inflicted on any one who entertained a Quaker, and men and women were banished on pain of death and hung—for being Quakers? Was it in the South, or in the North—in the Carolinas, or in Massachusetts—that decrepit old men were hung and pressed to death, and pure, innocent women were torn from their children and jailed, and hung—as witches? Was it in the South, or in the North—in the Carolinas, or in Massachusetts—that children were tied neck and heels together till the blood was ready to gush from them, to make them swear falsely against their own mother—accused of being a witch? Was it here or there that men were hung for denying the existence of witchcraft? And were they of the North, or of the South—of Massachusetts, or the Carolinas—the preachers and judges who incited and applauded the jailing, and

banishing, and torturing and slaughtering of Quakers and "witches"; and the people who were wont to go from church—from the altar of God—to the public whipping-post to see women whipped on the bare back? And where was it that negro children were sold by the pound like so much beef or bacon (see Mrs. Earle's *Customs and Fashions in Old New England*); and what province was it that passed a statute offering £100 per scalp for the scalps of twelve-year-old Indian boys, and that, too, at a time when no Indian war was going on there?¹ To each and all of these questions, History, with its inexorable, unerring pen, answers—"Massachusetts!"

And where was it that, only a few years ago, the skin of persons who had died as inmates of an almshouse was tanned and made into articles of merchandise? Have we not the authority of one who is himself a distinguished citizen of that State for saying that this tanning of human hide for commercial pur-

1. Perhaps it was from this precedent, set by pious New England forefathers, that General Jacob Smith, of the United States army in the Philippines (1902), got the inspiration for the order to the soldiers under his command to kill all Filipinos over ten years old; though Northern representatives in Congress, upholding Smith, said that his "kill and burn" order had ample precedent in orders issued by Lincoln and Grant and examples set by Sherman and Sheridan during the war of the North on the South. (See speech of Galusha A. Grow, of Pennsylvania, in Congress, May 15, 1902.) It is therefore quite likely that Smith's order to kill and burn in the Philippines until they were made "a howling wilderness" needed no other inspiration than he found in those examples, and especially in a telegram from one to another of the above named generals which ran as follows: "Until we can repopulate Georgia it is useless for us to occupy it; but the utter destruction of its roads, houses, and people, will cripple their military resources. I can make this march, and make Georgia howl." This telegram was dated Oct. 9, 1864; was sent to General U. S. Grant, and was signed "W. T. Sherman." Anthony Trollope, the distinguished English author, says that in 1861 he heard Wendell Phillips make a speech in Boston in which "he preached the doctrine of rapine, bloodshed and social destruction" against the South.

poses was in Massachusetts? Did not no less a personage than the Governor of that State say so?¹

Another instance of the superior brand of civilization furnished by Massachusetts is given by Madame de Riedesel, wife of a German general in Burgoyne's army, who says in her memoir that she was cruelly insulted by Boston women, and that the wife and young daughter of Captain Fenton, a royalist absentee, were stripped naked, tarred and feathered, and paraded through the city.

Once upon a time fourteen negroes, who were suspected of incendiarism and intended insurrection, were thrown into jail, tried without counsel, were not permitted to testify in their own behalf, were convicted without evidence that warranted conviction, and burned at the stake. A white man, accused of inciting the negroes to incendiarism, was hung. It afterwards appeared that they were all innocent of the charges against them. All this was in a Northern State and city—the State and city of New York. (And these are the people who raise their voices in raucous roars and hypocritical howls to heaven when white men of the South lynch a negro for raping a white woman.)

Once upon another time a man whose hands were dyed with the blood of men whom he had assassinated under cover of the darkness of night, was caught in the very act of inciting negroes to incendiarism and in-

1. Several years after this was printed there was a revelation of barbarities practiced in public institutions in New England and elsewhere in the North, as shocking as the dungeon horrors of Europe brought to light by John Howard more than a hundred years ago.

surrection—caught by the very people whose homes he was inciting the negroes to burn and whose lives he was inciting them to take. He was tried in accordance with the laws of the land—having every right, including able counsel—to which they entitled him; was convicted and hung. This was in the Southern State of Virginia. The incendiary midnight assassin who was thus inciting negroes to murder and arson—to “kill and burn”—and who was so convicted and hung, was a Northern man, hailing from New England, and he has been canonized and classed with Jesus Christ in that super-civilized region.

In view of this barbarous and bloody record should it be a matter of much surprise that the man whom the *Chicago Times-Herald* called “the criminal of the century” was a product of New England? “Human history,” said the *Herald*, “may be ransacked in vain to find a parallel to this criminal. He is a prodigy of infamy without a parallel in all the world.” (See *Times-Herald* editorial on the murderer Holmes, April 13, 1896.) This scion of New England entered upon his criminal career to get lucre, and in the space of a few years he had murdered twenty-seven people, male and female, old and young. Yes, this “Criminal of the Century” was a native—not of the South—but of that section which the *Britannica* says has saved the South, and especially the Carolinas, from sinking into barbarism.

WORDS FROM WASHINGTON.

What was it that, most of all, filled the great heart of Washington with grief, and doubt, and despondency in that first winter of the Revolution, when he was straining every nerve to keep an army before Boston? Read the answer in his own almost despairing words. Writing from Cambridge to a trusted friend—after telling of the lack of powder and arms, and money—he says: “These are evils but small in comparison of those which disturb my present repose. Our enlistments are at a stand. The fears I ever entertained are realized; that is, the discontented officers have thrown such difficulties or stumbling-blocks in the way of recruiting that I no longer entertain a hope of completing the army by voluntary enlistments. The reflection upon my situation produces many an uneasy hour when all around me are wrapt in sleep.” “To be plain,” he continues, “these people are not to be depended on;” and he advises appealing to their cupidity by the offer of large bounties, for (he adds) “notwithstanding all the public virtue which is ascribed to these people, there is no nation under the sun that pays greater adoration to money than they do.”¹ Who were “these people”—the people of whom Washington wrote these words? Whence came the troops of whom Alexander Graydon, a Revolutionary soldier of Pennsylvania, recorded in

1. Washington to Joseph Reed.

his memoirs these words: "It appeared that the sordid spirit of gain was the vital principle of this part of the army?"¹ Were the people of whom Washington wrote, and the troops to whom Graydon referred, from the North, or from the South—from New England or the Carolinas? Again, History, making response to this question, answers: "New England!" (Who can help thinking, right here, in connection with the words of Washington and Graydon, of that general of the Revolution whose "sordid spirit of gain" made him a traitor to his country? Benedict Arnold was not a Carolinian nor a Southern man.)

In the government archives is a memorandum by Thomas Jefferson of a consultation with Mr. Livingston, in which are these words: "They are avaricious and venal, looking always for gain." The "they" referred to were the people of Connecticut. In 1821 Achille Murat—son of the famous Marshal Murat and nephew of Napoleon—came to the United States to live. A few years later, writing to Count Thibaudeau, he said: "They are eager to amass wealth, and will frankly confess, like Petit-Jean: 'Without money, honor's a disease.'" The "they" to whom Achille Murat referred were the people of New England.

HELP FROM THE SOUTH.

With enlistments at a stand, and without powder

1. "I have been credibly informed that it was no unusual thing in the army before Boston for a colonel to make drummers and fifers of his sons, thereby not only being able to form a very snug, economical mess, but to aid also considerably the revenue of the family chest." Graydon's Memoirs, p. 148.

for the troops he had, and among a people "whose vital principle seemed to be the sordid spirit of gain," what wonder was it that the unselfish Southern patriot had such gloomy forebodings? Happily for him and for the country his sorest immediate need was about to be supplied. A British ship loaded with powder was captured off Savannah about this time by a vessel commissioned for the purpose by the Provincial Congress of Georgia, and, badly as it was needed at the South, a large portion of it was immediately dispatched to the army at Cambridge—for the South had declared that "the cause of Boston is the cause of all." This was the first capture ordered by any American Congress; the vessel that made it was the first vessel commissioned for warfare in the Revolution, and it was this powder, thus captured, that enabled Washington to drive the British from Boston.

TALLEYRAND RELATES AN INCIDENT, AND CHANNING AND
BRYANT WRITE LETTERS.

Talleyrand relates that when he was in this country he met a citizen of Maine who had never seen Washington. Talleyrand asked him if he would not, when he visited Philadelphia, like to see that great man. The Maine citizen said he would be pleased to see Washington, but evinced a much greater desire "to see Mr. Bingham, who they say is so rich." In the eyes of the Maine man George Washington was "small potatoes" in comparison with "the rich Mr. Bingham."

Nearly a quarter of a century after Washington penned at Cambridge the letters quoted above, William Ellery Channing wrote from Richmond these words: "I blush for my own people when I compare the selfish prudence of a Yankee with the generous confidence of a Virginian. There is one single trait which attaches me to the people here more than all the virtues of New England,—they love money less than we do; they are more disinterested—their patriotism is not tied to their purse-strings." Still forty years later we find William Cullen Bryant, of Massachusetts, writing—"the South certainly has the advantage over us in the point of manners." Yet a third of a century later a distinguished son of Pennsylvania, a philosophic student of history, with the intellect to see and the courage and honesty to declare the truth, bears this testimony: "Slavery not only consisted with, but it naturally produced and sustained a society, on the whole, less erring than existed in the North, and, probably, than in the emancipated South will ever exist without it. * * * That political virtue, more important to a republic than private virtue, which has become less and less common in the North, did not decay in the South. The political South produced more truly independent spirits than the North." (*Fears For Democracy*, by Charles Ingersoll.) "I thought"—wrote William H. Seward of the Legislature of Virginia, at which he took a look on a trip in early life through that State—"I thought that the intelligence, capacity, manners and tone of

in regard to

the debates, as well as the dress and carriage of the members generally, rather excelled our own'' (the New York Legislature). Be it noted that it is the Old South to which Mr. Ingersoll and Mr. Seward refer, and it was to the society of the Old South that Anthony Trollope referred when, after visiting the United States in 1861, he wrote: "Everybody acknowledged that society in Washington had been almost destroyed by the loss of the Southern half of the usual sojourners in that city."

THE TRAIL OF THE MONEY DEVIL OVER THEM ALL.

The Vice-President of the United States who accepted bribes and perjured himself to escape exposure—the Speaker of the House of Representatives (afterwards the candidate of the Republican party for the Presidency) who gave the influence of his high place in exchange for lucre¹—the Cabinet Minister who was impeached for selling appointments to the highest bidder—and the Credit Mobilier Congressmen—were these of the North or the South? All, all Northern.

THE BRITANNICA SAYS IT WAS.

Was it their connection with the people whose manners Bryant characterized as being inferior—

1. "He had converted the power of his great place into lucre, and was exposed. By mingled chicanery and audacity he obtained possession of his own criminating letters, flourished them in the face of the House, and, in the Cambyzes vein, called on his people to rally and save the luster of his loyalty from soil at the hands of rebels; and they came. From all the North ready acclaims went up, and women shed tears of joy, such as in King Arthur's day rewarded some peerless deed of Galahad. In truth it was a manly thing to hide dishonorable plunder beneath the prostrate body of the South."—*Destruction and Reconstruction* (Taylor), p. 237.

whose "patriotism" (said Channing) "is tied to their purse strings"—whose "vital principle" (said Graydon) "appeared to be the sordid spirit of gain"—who (said Washington) "pay greater adoration to money than any nation under the sun, and are not to be depended on"—was it by their connection with these people and their Quaker-hanging, "witch"-killing ancestry and bribe-taking posterity that Southern people have been saved from sinking into barbarism? The Britannica says it was. What says the truth of history?

THE MEN HE DID DEPEND ON.

"These people are not to be depended on," wrote Washington of the New England troops; but at a later period, when he was sending reinforcements to General Gates in response to an appeal from that officer, he wrote: "I have dispatched Col. Morgan with his corps of riflemen to your assistance. This corps I have great dependence on." Later, when he himself needed reinforcements and asked that Morgan and his men be sent back, Gates replied that he could not then afford "to part with the corps the army of General Burgoyne was most afraid of." History tells us that the men on whom Washington had such "great dependence," and of whom Burgoyne's army "was most afraid" were—not from New England, but—from Virginia, that land where, said Channing, "their patriotism is not tied to their purse-strings."

"These people of the Southern Colonies," said Ed-

mund Burke, the great British statesman, "are much more strongly, and with an higher and more stubborn spirit, attached to liberty than those to the northward." "The gallantry of the Southern men has inspired the whole army," wrote Adjutant-General Reed (of New Jersey) after the Long Island campaign of 1776.¹

THREE HISTORIC DOCUMENTS.

In the archives of the Government at Washington are three historic documents worthy of consideration in this connection. The first one, in point of time, reads thus:

"Headquarters Army of Northern Virginia.

"CHAMBERSBURG, PA., June 27, 1863.

"General Order No. 73.

"The Commanding General has observed with marked satisfaction the conduct of the troops on the march, and confidently anticipates results commensurate with the high spirit they have manifested. No troops could have displayed greater fortitude or better performed the arduous marches of the past ten days. Their conduct in other respects has, with few exceptions, been in keeping with their character as

1. General Knox (of Massachusetts) was Secretary of War during the Revolution. According to his report the North sent to the army 100 men for every 227 of military age, as shown by the census of 1790, and the South 100 for every 209. In 1848 one out of every sixty-two of the men of military age in 1790 in the North was a Revolutionary pensioner, and one out of every 110 in the South. Of these pensioners New England had 3,146, more than were in all the South, and New York two-thirds as many, though she contributed not one-seventh as many men to the war.

soldiers, and entitles them to approbation and praise. There have, however, been instances of forgetfulness on the part of some that they have in keeping the yet unsullied reputation of the army, and that the duties exacted of us by civilization and Christianity are not less obligatory in the country of our enemy than in our own. The Commanding General considers that no greater disgrace could befall the army, and through it our whole people, than the perpetration of the barbarous outrages upon the innocent and defenceless, and the wanton destruction of private property that have marked the course of the enemy in our own country. Such proceedings not only disgrace the perpetrators and all connected with them, but are subversive of the discipline and efficiency of the army, and destructive of the ends of our present movements. It must be remembered that we make war only on armed men, and that we can not take vengeance for the wrongs our people have suffered without lowering ourselves in the eyes of all whose abhorrence has been excited by the atrocities of our enemy, and offending against Him to whom vengeance belongeth.

“The Commanding General therefore earnestly exhorts the troops to abstain, with most scrupulous care, from unnecessary or wanton injury to private property, and he enjoins upon all officers to arrest and bring to summary punishment all who shall in any way offend against the orders on this subject.

[Signed.]

“R. E. LEE, General.”

The second one of the documents referred to is a letter dated—"Headquarters of the Army, Washington, December 18, 1864," addressed to "Major-General W. T. Sherman, Savannah," and concluding thus: "Should you capture Charleston, I hope that by some accident the place may be destroyed, and if a little salt should be sown upon its site, it may prevent the growth of future crops of nullification and secession. "Yours truly,

[Signed.] "H. W. HALLECK, Chief-of-Staff."

The third document is a letter in which are these words: "I will bear in mind your hint as to Charleston, and do not think 'salt' will be necessary. When I move, the Fifteenth Corps will be on the right of the right wing, and their position will naturally bring them into Charleston first; and, if you have watched the history of that corps, you will have remarked that they generally do their work pretty well. The truth is, the whole army is burning with an insatiable desire to wreak vengeance upon South Carolina. I almost tremble at her fate, but feel that she deserves all that seems in store for her. * * * We must make old and young, rich and poor, feel the hard hand of war as well as their organized armies." This letter is dated—"Headquarters Military Division of the Mississippi, in the Field, Savannah, December 24, 1864;" is addressed to "Major-General H. W. Halleck, Chief-of-Staff, Washington, D. C.," and is signed—"W. T. Sherman, Major-General."

The burning dwelling-houses along the line of his march, and the wail of women and children left starving and unsheltered in the depth of winter attested how well "the Fifteenth Corps" maintained the reputation to which their commander so proudly pointed.¹

WHICH WAS THE BARBARIAN?

Which was the barbarian—the Southerner, who wrote the first of these documents, or the Northern man who wrote the last? The Southerner, from a long line of Southern ancestry; or the Northern man, with generations of Northern ancestors behind him? Robert E. Lee, or William Tecumseh Sherman?²

III.

The Britannica is particularly at fault in citing the Carolinas as types of the Southern States in its assertion (in the article on American Literature) that they have been saved from sinking to the level of Mexico or the Antilles mainly by their connection with the

1. See Addendum A.

2. "Our Southern homes have been pillaged, sacked and burned; our mothers, wives and little ones driven forth amid the brutal insults of your soldiers. Is it any wonder that we fight with desperation? A natural revenge would prompt us to retaliate in kind, but we scorn to war on women and children. We are fighting for the God-given rights of liberty and independence as handed down to us in the Constitution by our fathers. So fear not: if a torch is applied to a single dwelling, or an insult offered to a female of your town by a soldier of this command, point me out the man and you shall have his life."—General John B. Gordon, of the Confederate States army, to the women of York, Pa. "Towards the enemy's vessels and their crews you are to proceed, in exercising the rights of war, with all the justice and humanity which characterize this government and its citizens."—Instructions of President Davis to the commanders of Confederate privateers. (The crew of one of these privateers being captured, the United States government put them in irons, and when President Davis himself was captured the present commanding general of the United States army—a Massachusetts man—put him in irons.)

North. A more unfortunate reference, to illustrate its imputation of Southern barbarism, could not have been made by the foreign cyclopedia, as will, I think, be clearly shown by what I will here say in relation to the stigma it puts upon those two States especially, and through them on the South generally.

And first, of

THE OLD NORTH STATE.

There are no people in the Union nor in the world among whom are to be found more of the attributes of sound mental, moral and physical manhood than those which characterize the people of North Carolina. Her sons shed, at Alamance, the first blood spilled in the Colonies in resistance to British rule—long before a gun was fired at Lexington and Concord; her Mecklenburg County—which Cornwallis called a “hornet’s nest,” and where he encountered, he said, the most obstinate rebels he had found in America—proclaimed its “declaration of independence” more than a year before the one at Philadelphia; she was the first Colony to act as a unit in favor of independence; and about the time a deputation of Bostonians were appealing to Washington to allow the beleaguered British to get out of Boston unmolested, for fear of disturbing trade and damaging the shops by a fight, North Carolina soldiers, at Moore’s Creek Bridge, were winning the first real victory on a battlefield of the Revolution; and it was Gen. Hugh Waddell of North Carolina, who, with Gen. John Ashe of the

same State, resisted the landing of the British stamps at Old Brunswick in 1766—several years before the “Boston tea-party,” and they didn’t go about it in disguise, either.

A STRIKING COINCIDENCE.

The Bostonians above mentioned were undoubtedly the ancestry of those other representative citizens of Massachusetts who, about forty years later, were secretly plotting in a convention at Hartford the secession of the New England States from the Union, because their trade was hurt by the war for the maintenance of American rights and honor which was then going on between the United States and England, and the Hartford Conventionists were unquestionably the close kith and kin of those other representative citizens of New England who, during that trying time in the history of our country, burned blue lights on the Connecticut coast to put the British on guard against Decatur’s plans for attacking them; and it is a striking coincidence that just about the time when New England was thus, by threats of secession, endeavoring to paralyze the arm of the Government and giving aid and comfort to the enemy in time of war, descendants of the above mentioned North Carolinians were mauling the life out of that enemy at New Orleans.

Who can doubt that Decatur, the Southerner and the patriot, had the secession plotters and blue-light burners of New England in his mind when he uttered

the memorable sentiment: "Our country! In her intercourse with foreign nations, may she always be in the right. But our country, right or wrong!"

THE FIRST SECESSION CONVENTION.

That Convention at Hartford was the first Secession Convention in the history of the Union, and was presided over by the great-grand-father of Mr. Henry Cabot Lodge, of Force Bill notoriety, who is now a representative of Massachusetts in Congress; and it was just about four years before the holding of that convention that Josiah Quincy, also of Massachusetts, made the first speech in Congress in favor of secession. Thus does the record show that while the South was fighting to uphold the rights and honor of the Union, the New England States, with "their patriotism tied to their purse-strings," were plotting to break it up because the war interrupted their trade for a while.¹

ANOTHER COINCIDENCE.

To return to the Revolution. North Carolina was the recruiting ground for the entire South and its chief dependence in those days, and about the time when Arnold, the New England general who turned traitor for British gold, was plundering in Virginia,

1. As early as April 15th, 1801, we find Gideon Granger, of Connecticut (then Postmaster-General) writing to President Jefferson as follows: "With us in Connecticut the prospect is not pleasing. The exertions of our clergy and aristocracy at yesterday's election have exceeded everything before known. The torrents of abuse from the pulpit were incredible, and this State, whose representatives have the damning credit of planning the ruin of our happy Constitution," etc.

North Carolinians, under Sevier and Shelby, Cleveland and McDowell, were striking the British that deadly blow at King's Mountain that turned the tide of the Revolution and eventuated in the capture of Cornwallis and his army at Yorktown, and in the independence of all the Colonies and the establishment of the United States of America. It was during the time, too, when Arnold, of Connecticut, was engaged in the manner above related, that Jethro Sumner, of North Carolina, made that bayonet charge which saved the Americans from disastrous defeat at Eutaw.

THE BRITANNICA DOESN'T MENTION THEM.

But Sevier, and Shelby, and Jethro Sumner, and King's Mountain are names not to be found in the Britannica's history of the United States. A history of the United States with no allusion to the battle of King's Mountain! Think of a history of France without any account of Valmy! Or a history of Germany without the story of the battle which rolled back from that country the Roman invasion and caused the Roman Emperor to cry in vain to Varus for his legions! For, but for King's Mountain the British monarch would not have had to mourn his legions lost at Yorktown.

In this connection it may be noted that the Britannica has no article on Yorktown, and its article on Saratoga makes no mention of the capture of Bur-

goyne's army there—the very thing that gives Saratoga its historic interest.

Cornelius Harnett, Richard Caswell, Robert Howe—glorious names in American history—James Iredell, as able a jurist as ever sat on the bench of the Supreme Court of the United States; William Gaston, Willie P. Mangum, George E. Badger—all these have shed luster on the American name, in the field or in the forum, and all were of North Carolina, but not one of them is named in the Britannica.

And that most illustrious son of “the Old North State”—the real American Cincinnatus—whom Jefferson called “the last of the Romans,” and of whom John Randolph said—“He is the wisest, the purest, the best man I ever knew”; what of him in the Britannica? Search it through and you will never learn from its diffuse pages that such a man as Nathaniel Macon ever lived—a man of whom it is recorded that during fifty-seven years of political life and power he never recommended any of his family to public office. (What a contrast to another public functionary, of later years—a President of the United States and a Northern man, of whom it is said that he quartered on the public treasury all his own relatives, all his wife's relatives, and all the relatives of these relatives, to the remotest cousinhood.) No, you will find nothing of Nathaniel Macon in the Britannica, but you will find in it over a column about one Ambrosius Theodosius Macrobius, who died more than a thousand years ago.

James K. Polk, eleventh President of the United States, was a North Carolinian, and Bancroft, the great American historian, has said that, "viewed from the standpoint of results, Polk's was perhaps the greatest administration in our national history, certainly one of the greatest."

AND THE BIGGEST MAN!

Finally, Nature, as if not satisfied with bestowing so many other marks of distinction upon North Carolina, brought into being and reared upon her soil the biggest man, in mere physical proportions, of whom there is any mention in the history of this country.¹

SOUTH CAROLINA.

And South Carolina—"the nurse of manly sentiment and heroic enterprise," where has ever been found in the highest degree "that sensibility of principle, that chastity of honor which feels a stain like a wound and inspires courage while it mitigates ferocity;" South Carolina—where life's most exquisite grace abides—saved from barbarism by connection with Massachusetts! Shades of the long line of statesmen, heroes, orators and scholars of the Palmetto State who have illumined history's pages by your words and deeds, could ignorance or reckless misrepresentation further go?

"South Carolina has distinguished herself by a phalanx of talent unequaled in the Union. In my

1. Miles Darden. He weighed over 1,000 pounds.

travels I have found the society of Charleston by far the best, both here as well as on the other side of the Atlantic. There is nothing wanting either as regards finish or elegance of manners; but—what is of more value to people such as ourselves, who attach little importance to refined politeness—she abounds in real talents, and is as far above pedantry as insignificance.” Thus wrote Achille Murat to his friend, Count Thibaudeau, after traveling through the United States seventy years ago.

It was William Henry Drayton, of South Carolina, whose writings contributed so much to enlighten the public mind in this country and Great Britain during the Revolutionary period, and to whose celebrated charge to the Charleston grand jury Mr. Jefferson has been thought to have been indebted for some of the most effective parts of the Declaration of Independence; it was John Rutledge, of South Carolina, whose services were of such inestimable value to the American cause in its most desperate straits,—who was pronounced by Patrick Henry to be the greatest orator in the Continental Congress,—who was the first associate justice of the Supreme Court of the United States and the second chief justice appointed by Washington; it was John Laurens, of South Carolina, who was distinguished as “the Chevalier Bayard of the Revolution,” and who was said by John Adams to have done more for the United States in the short time of his being in Europe as their special envoy

than all the rest of their diplomatic corps put together;¹ it was Francis Marion who was the most capable and famous partisan soldier of the Revolution; it was Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, of South Carolina, who was the author of the clause in the Constitution forbidding the requiring of any religious test as a qualification for office or public trust in the United States.

DID THEY GET THEM FROM THE NORTH?

Did Laurens get the knightly spirit of a Bayard from connection in any way with the ancestry who transmitted the qualities that inspired William T. Sherman when he wrote that he didn't think it would be necessary to sow salt on the site of Charleston when "the Fifteenth Corps" got in their work on that city? Did Pinckney get his enlightened and statesman-like principles of religious toleration from the teaching and example of the Massachusetts preachers and judges and people who tortured and hung Quakers and "witches" and drove Roger Williams, the Baptist, into the wilderness among the savages, for maintaining that man is responsible to God alone in matters of con-

1. "Although a youth of only twenty-eight years, he achieved, by his consummate tact and extraordinary abilities, what the powerful influence of Franklin had failed to effect."—"Men and Times of the Revolution," by Elkanah Watson, of Massachusetts (1856). In the summer of 1781 the New England troops, says Hildreth, "exhibited signs of dissatisfaction." The fact is they were clamoring for money, and threatening to quit if they didn't get it. But the American treasury, adds Hildreth, "was totally destitute of money. * * * At this critical moment Laurens landed at Boston, with a large supply of clothing, arms, and ammunition, and what was still more acceptable, half a million of dollars in cash." The disbursement of the "cash" among the New Englanders allayed their "dissatisfaction" and induced them to "stick."

science, and that no human power has the right to intermeddle in them?¹

MORE HISTORIC NAMES NOT IN THE BRITANNICA.

It was William J. Lowndes, a South Carolinian, whom the Duke of Argyll and Mr. Roscoe pronounced the wisest young man they had ever met, and who was declared by Henry Clay to be the wisest man he had ever known in Congress; and yet you might read every word in the Britannica without learning that such a man as William J. Lowndes ever lived.² It was Langdon Cheves, of South Carolina, statesman, jurist, and financier, from whom Washington Irving said he had for the first time an idea of the manner in which the great Greek and Roman orators must have spoken, but no word of Cheves do you find in the Britannica. It gives space enough to the fights at Lexington and Concord and Bunker Hill, but dismisses with one line the disastrous defeat of the British at Charleston by Moultrie and the brave Carolinians under him, and makes no mention of that distinguished soldier nor of William Jasper, one of the most famous of American

1. See Addendum B.

2. In an address on the Fourteenth Congress, Richard Henry Wilde, himself a member of that body, alluded to Mr. Lowndes in the following language: "Pre-eminent among the members of the Fourteenth Congress was a gentleman of South Carolina, now no more, the purest, the calmest, the most philosophical of our country's modern statesmen; one, no less remarkable for gentleness of manners and kindness of heart, than for that passionless, unclouded intellect, which rendered him deserving of the praise, if man ever deserved it, of merely standing by and letting reason argue for him; the true patriot, incapable of selfish ambition, who shunned office and distinction, yet served his country faithfully, because he loved her. He, I mean, who consecrated by his example, the noble precept, so entirely his own, that the first station in a Republic was neither to be sought after or declined; a sentiment so just and so happily expressed that it continues to be repeated because it cannot be improved."

heroes, for whom counties and towns have been named all over the land, and to whose memory bronze and marble monuments have been reared. Nor can you find anything in it of Gadsden; nor Pickens; nor Legare, the distinguished scholar; nor Preston, the famous orator; nor Petigru, the great lawyer; nor Robert Barnwell Rhett, the sagacious statesman (successor to Calhoun); nor Sims, the great physician, who began in Alabama that career which brought him world-wide fame, and honors from the crowned heads of Europe;—the only physician and surgeon who ever lived possessing a reputation so world-wide that he could command a lucrative practice in any capital of the civilized world as soon as his arrival was known.

AN EXCELLENT WORK FOR ANTIQUARIANS.

It tells us nothing of McDuffie, the statesman and splendid orator, but it gives half a column to one Maudonius, a deacon who lived in Constantinople about 1,500 years ago; it gives four lines in fine print in an obscure foot-note to Rutledge, the patriot, statesman, orator and jurist, who was such a potent factor in determining the destiny of this great country, and over two columns in big print to Claudius Namatianus Rutilius, who appears to have written a Latin poem about 1,500 years ago; it says nothing of Edmund Pendleton, of Virginia,—said by Jefferson to have been the ablest man in debate he ever met, but it devotes over three columns to a painter named Pinturicchio, who lived before Columbus discovered

America; and it gives so much space to an English poet named Drayton, who lived some hundreds of years ago, that it has no room for any mention whatever of the celebrated Carolina patriot, statesman and jurist of that name.

It is not to be denied that the *Britannica* is an excellent work for antiquarians.

IV.

What sort of *Cyclopedia* for Americans is it that finds plenty of room for telling about an English comedy writer named Randolph, who lived about three hundred years ago, but no room at all for such statesmen as Peyton Randolph and Edmund Randolph; nor for George Wythe, the eminent jurist, "the honor of his own and the model of future times"; nor for George Mason, "a man"—said Thomas Jefferson—"of the first order of wisdom among those who acted on the theatre of the Revolution"; nor for John Henry, first senator from Maryland and colleague of Charles Carroll; nor for any one of the Tuckers, that family of scholars, statesmen, jurists and soldiers; nor for Cary, the intrepid patriot; nor for Giles, the accomplished debater and parliamentary tactician; nor for Henry Lee, soldier, orator, statesman,—the "Light-Horse Harry" of the Revolution, and father of the immortal Robert E. Lee; nor George Weedon, the Virginian who saved the patriot army at Brandywine; nor for any of the famous Nicholas family, of

Virginia, one of whom was commander of Washington's life-guard, governor, and United States senator; nor any of those distinguished families, the Gilmers, Bibbs, and Lewises (a statue of one of the last named stands on the grounds of the Virginia capitol); and that makes no mention of that *preux chevalier*, Mirabeau B. Lamar? That is just the kind of Cyclopaedia the Britannica is. It finds room for but two of all of the illustrious family of Lee, but you would never know, from its sketch of Richard Henry Lee, that he was ever President of the Continental Congress of America.

Upon what principle of cyclopaedia-making did the authors of the Britannica proceed when they gave an article over a column long to "Harvard" College and none at all to "William and Mary," the college that gave Washington his first commission and public employment and the opportunity for developing his genius,—that claims for her children five of the seven signers of the Declaration of Independence from Virginia,—the college among whose children were "Jefferson, the author of the Declaration, and Wythe, his preceptor; Peyton Randolph, too, the president of the First Congress, and Edmund Randolph, the first Attorney-General and Secretary of State and one of the wisest of the framers of our Constitution, and James Monroe, President of the United States? Then John Marshall, the great Chief Justice; John Tyler, Federal judge, Governor of Virginia (and father of another of her worthy sons, President Tyler), who instituted

the first measures for the convention to frame our Constitution in place of that of the Confederation; John Taylor, of Caroline; the Blands, the Pages, the Nicholases, the Burwells, the Grymeses, the Lewises, the Lyons, the Mercers, the Cockes, the Bollings, the Nicholsons, and Carringtons, and a long list of others almost as eminent, and quite as worthy, whose names are 'familiar in our mouths as household words,' were of the number she had trained for the service of the country prior to the Revolution, to say nothing of the hosts of others since that time, trained in her sacred groves, who went from her to impress themselves on the society and institutions of the land, as grave and worthy judges, eloquent and able advocates, brave warriors on land and sea, faithful and honorable men in every station."¹ Well has it been said of "William and Mary," by the same distinguished speaker whom I have just quoted, that "the influence of her sons sent out since the Revolution and before the late war, on the society and institutions of our country, would alone establish her claims as one of the most glorious, successful, and beneficent of the colleges of America."

But "William and Mary," the patron of Washington, the Alma Mater of Jefferson, and the Randolphs, and Monroe, and Marshall, is not deemed worthy of an article in the *Encyclopedia Britannica*.

When an intelligent American sees the number and sort of foreign subjects to which the *Britannica* de-

1. Address of Henry C. Semple to the Society of the Alumni of William and Mary College, July 4th, 1890.

votes to much space, how can he help being astonished on finding in it no articles on such historic characters as Francis Asbury—the first bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church ordained in the United States, to whose labors, more than to any other human cause, Methodism in America owes its excellent organization and wonderful growth; and Thomas Coke; and Jesse Lee, of Virginia—whose labors in New England earned him the title of the “Apostle of Methodism”; and James O. Andrew—on whose social relations began the division of the Methodist Episcopal Church in America; and Joshua Soule—that man of giant intellect and heroic mould, the senior bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church South; and Samuel Harris—the “apostle of Virginia,” a name to be held in everlasting remembrance by the Baptist brotherhood; and Samuel Davies—founder of the Presbyterian Church in Virginia; and Moses Stuart—the father of biblical learning in America; and John Carroll—the ardent and powerful friend of American liberty and the first bishop of the Roman Catholic Church in the United States; and Archbishop Hughes—that courageous and powerful champion of his church; and Bishop England—name especially dear to the people of Charleston and South Carolina; and Alexander Campbell, founder of the church of “The Disciples of Christ”? These were colossal figures in the religious life of America, but not an article on any one of them is to be found in the *Britannica*. But it gives us swarms

of English and other foreign preachers and small theologians.

JOHN WESLEY.

Two statements of the Britannica are so remarkable for their display of ignorance and narrow prejudice as to deserve a paragraph to themselves right here. They are, first, that "John Wesley was not the author of any original hymns," and, second, that "Wesley has no claims to rank as a thinker, or even as a theologian!"

That is what the Britannica says of the man of whom Macaulay wrote: "He was a man whose eloquent and logical acuteness might have rendered him eminent in literature; whose genius for government was not inferior to that of Richelieu!"

ON THE WRONG SIDE OF THE LINE.

Why has the Britannica omitted from its pages the names of such distinguished Americans as William R. King, conspicuous for nearly fifty years in the public life of this country, as representative and senator in congress, foreign minister and vice-president; and Hugh L. White, whose name is so intimately and honorably associated with many of the most memorable events of American history; and John M. Berrien, "the Cicero of the American senate;" and William C. Rives, senator and foreign minister and author; and John Forsyth, senator, foreign minister and secre-

tary of state;¹ and William Wirt, so distinguished as lawyer, orator, and man of letters—for twelve years Attorney-General of the United States; and William Pinkney, the great lawyer and orator, who was cabinet officer, foreign minister and senator; and Reverdy Johnson, that other great lawyer, statesman and diplomat; and Stephen Decatur, the most celebrated commander of his time in the American navy, whose daring and efficiency challenged the attention and admiration of the civilized world, and whose tragic and untimely death plunged this whole country into mourning? The fame of these men is co-extensive with the Republic, but not an article on one of them is to be found in the Britannica! Two of them were born in that very North Carolina to which the Britannica specially points in proof of its charge of the barbarism of the South. Why are they all left out of the Britannica's biographical department? Is it because they did not hail from Massachusetts—that State whose "thinkers," says the Britannica, "outnumber all those born south of Mason and Dixon's line since the Revolution"—that State, connection with which has saved the South "from sinking to the level of Mexico or the Antilles"?

If the author of that unrivaled lyric, "My Life is like the Summer Rose," had dwelt in Massachusetts, the Britannica would doubtless have contained a notice

1. By his genius, culture, courteous deportment, and his unrivalled eloquence, even from young manhood, he was a favorite of the people, and became the most brilliant light of Jackson's administration. It is probable that the State (Georgia) never had a man so variously gifted as Forsyth. —Richard Malcolm Johnston.

of him, but as he lived in that barbarous region south of Mason and Dixon's line, the Britannica knows not of him. Yet Richard Henry Wilde was eminent as lawyer, orator and statesman, as well as poet. On Zachary Taylor it has seventeen lines, but of "Tape-Worms" it has thirteen solid columns, and on "Trematoda" it is full and thrilling in the extreme, as, for instance, where it tells us that "all Trematoda have been commonly regarded as devoid of a body-cavity, and as consisting of parenchymatous tissue, but that recent researches show that the intercellular spaces in this tissue are to be regarded as the homologue of a cœlom." This is highly important if true, as the papers used to say of news from the front during the war, and the clear, intelligible language in which it is expressed cannot fail of appreciation by any person rejoicing in the possession of the Britannica. It manages to publish seven columns on Texas without ever telling what city is the capital of the State, and without any allusion to Moses and Stephen F. Austin, or to the Alamo, that American Thermopylæ, where Bowie, and Crockett, and Travis—Southerners all—and their comrades met death and covered themselves and the American name with undying glory. If the Alamo had been on Massachusetts or English soil, would it have been thus totally ignored by the Britannica? Rather, in that case, would not a few "Tape-Worms" and "Trematoda" have been sacrificed, if necessary, to make room for some notice of the hundred and fifty heroes who for ten days held four thou-

sand foemen at bay, and, like the Old Guard at Waterloo, died at last but never surrendered? Room is found in the Britannica for a special and separate article on "Concord" and the small skirmish that occurred there with little loss of life; but no such room for the Alamo and its devoted band of immortals; nor for King's Mountain; nor Guilford Court-house; nor Yorktown, memorable for two sieges, the first of which resulted in the capture of an entire British army and the achievement of American independence, and the last of which occurred during the late war between the States, when the Confederate army was besieged there by the Union army. In such a complete, all-round, all-over-the-world, lay-over-everything cyclopedia as the Britannica claims to be, shouldn't Yorktown have at least as prominent a place as Concord?

But I was forgetting that Yorktown, and Guilford Court-house, and King's Mountain, and the Alamo, like William and Mary College, are on the Britannica's barbarous side of Mason and Dixon's line; while Concord,—Concord is in Massachusetts, the Britannica's favorite spot of American earth.

No age nor country ever furnished to the world a more gallant and chivalric gentleman—one more worthy of the artless homage and undying gratitude of all womankind, or an exemplar of manly duty more deserving of the profound respect and honor of all true-natured men themselves—than that officer of the United States navy who, when his ship, with nearly 600 souls on board, was wrecked in a terrific tornado

on the Atlantic ocean, took his position on the hurricane deck of the sinking vessel, dressed in full uniform, and, with a pistol in each hand, enforced his emphatic orders that no man should be taken into the life-boats until all the women and children were safely in them. He saw that every woman and every child was saved, and then, consenting to death, went down with his ship and the more than 400 other men who perished there with him. Angels never looked upon a grander sight than that, and

“I sometimes fancy that, were I king
Of the princely Knights of the Golden Ring,
With the song of the minstrel in mine ear,
And the thrilling story recited here,
I’d give the best on his bended knee,
The whitest soul of my chivalry,”

for that heroic son of the Old South—William Lewis Herndon, of Virginia—who sank beneath the waves that day. He was a commander in the United States navy, and explorer of the Amazon. He was a brother-in-law of Matthew Fontaine Maury—“the pathfinder of the seas,” and the father-in-law of Chester A. Arthur, President of the United States. A monument to his memory was erected on the grounds of the United States Naval Academy by his brother officers. No hall of fame holds nobler name than his. Around that name are kindled “all the kindest rays of all the knightliest days,” and laurels drenched in pure Parnassian dews should entwine it evermore. But the Encyclopedia Britannica takes no note of that name,

neither does it—but why go on with the long list of historic names and places of the South of which the Britannica takes no note? Neither time nor space will permit it here, for their name is legion. Has not enough been said to show its amazing and culpable deficiency in this respect?

V.

Is it necessary to add, in further proof of the Britannica's animus towards the South, that, though it finds no place in its twenty-four huge volumes for William R. King or William L. Yancey, it gives ample room to John Brown and William Lloyd Garrison? That it puts Webster, Seward and Sumner down as "statesmen," and Calhoun and Clay as "politicians," merely? That, while it has no article on Jefferson Davis, it finds occasion to allude disparagingly to him? That it has no article on the Confederate States, but alludes to them incidentally in the article purporting to be a history of the United States, and, among many other misstatements, says that there were 700,000 soldiers in the Confederate armies at the beginning of 1863 (while the truth is, they did not have that many during the whole period of the war)? That it says that where the whites of the Southern States failed to gain political control by bribery and threats, they resorted to whipping and arson and murder? It does indeed say these things, and much more in the same vein; and discriminates against the South in its biog-

raphies in the manner stated, all of which no doubt greatly delights the Lodges, the Shermans and the Chandlers, and those of their ilk, who are so fond of describing the South as still being in the twilight of civilization—still a land of semi-barbarous people. They can quote, you see, the *Encyclopedia Britannica* to prove the justness of their description. The *Britannica* is a very popular book in Massachusetts.

ITS EXPOSITION OF THE CONSTITUTION.

The person who goes to the *Encyclopedia Britannica* for instruction as to the nature of the Government of the United States will receive a totally erroneous impression concerning it. He will read there the dogmatic assertion that “it was the people of the whole United States” (that is, in the aggregate,) “that established the Constitution.” This, of course, is a wholly untrue and altogether absurd assertion, directly in conflict with indisputable public records, and plainly disproved by the last clause of the Constitution itself, in these words: “The ratification of the conventions of nine States shall be sufficient for the establishment of this Constitution between the States so ratifying the same.” “If this were a consolidated government,” said Henry Lee in the Virginia Convention that was considering the question of ratifying the Constitution,—“If this were a consolidated government, ought it not to be ratified by a majority of the people as individuals, and not as States? Suppose Virginia, Connecticut, Massachusetts and Pennsylvania had

ratified it; these four States, being a majority of the people of America, would, by their adoption, have made it binding on all the States, had this been a consolidated government.''

As it neither was nor could have been established by a majority vote of the people of the whole United States, so neither can it be changed by a majority vote of the people. As it could be established only by the votes of nine of the original thirteen States, acting as States in convention assembled, so neither can it be changed unless three-fourths of the States, through their legislatures or conventions, consent that it shall be changed. No mere majority vote, either of the people or of the States, established or could have established the Constitution. Without the approval and ratification of nine of the thirteen States, it would have been of no more consequence than the paper on which it was written. No mere majority vote, either of the people or of the States, can change or amend it. A proposed amendment must be approved and ratified by three-fourths of the States in the manner above named before it is of any more consequence than the paper on which it is written.

THE BRITANNICA VERSUS JEFFERSON DAVIS, ALEXANDER
H. STEPHENS, AND JAMES MADISON.

If the Britannica's statement were true, the votes of a majority of the people in the thirteen States would have established the Constitution over all. But against that statement let me oppose the words of Jef-

ferson Davis, an American statesman and historian. Mr. Davis says: "The Constitution was never submitted to the people of the United States in the aggregate, or as a people. No such political community as the people of the United States exists or ever did exist. There has never been any such thing as a vote of 'the people of the United States in the aggregate'; no such people is recognized by the Constitution; no such political community has ever existed. * * * The monstrous fiction that they acted as one people 'in their aggregate capacity' has not an atom of fact to serve as a basis." (*Rise and Fall of the Confederate Government*, vol. 1, chapters 2, 3, and 4.)

Alexander H. Stephens, another American statesman and historian, says: "The Constitution was submitted to the States for their approval and ratification, and not to the people of the whole country, in the aggregate, and it was agreed to and ratified by the States as States, and not by the people of all the States in one aggregate mass." (*The War Between the States*, vol. 1, Col. 4.)

James Madison was the fourth President of the United States, and is called "the father of the Constitution" from the fact that it is more his work than that of any other one man. Writing of it prior to its adoption by the number of States necessary to establish it, he said: "That the ratification of the Constitution will be a federal and not a national act is obvious from this single consideration, that it is to result

neither from the decision of a majority of the people of the Union nor from that of a majority of the States. It must result from the unanimous assent of the several States that are parties to it." (*The Federalist*, xxxix.)

Now, where is the truth concerning the Constitution and the nature of this Government most likely to be found,—in the British Cyclopedia, or in the writings of such American statesmen as Davis, Stephens and Madison?

(In what a different manner from that of the *Britannica* is the treatment of this subject by the *International Cyclopedia*, a more reliable and much more useful reference work than the *Britannica*. The *International* says: "The independence of each of the several States was acknowledged. * * * * *

When the Constitution had been drawn up the difficulties of its framers had little more than begun. The question at once arose, how was the Constitution to be put in force? Congress had no power to grant away its own authority to a new government, nor had the nation enough confidence in it to accept its decision. Accordingly the Convention resolved to lay it before the various States. The serious question then arose, what was to be done if some States accepted, some refused? Finally, it was decided that, if nine States accepted it, the Constitution should take effect, and that, if any of the remaining States refused, they must be left out of the new confederation. Accordingly conventions of the various States were summoned.

* * * * * On June 21st, 1788, the ninth State had ratified the Constitution.'')

THIS IS NOT A GOVERNMENT OF A MAJORITY OF THE
WHOLE PEOPLE.

The Britannica abounds in statements as misleading as the one just so overwhelmingly refuted, the pernicious purport of them all being that this is a national government instead of a "federal" one, as Mr. Madison called it;—that it is a government of the people of this country as one nation instead of a federation of States;—that it is a government formed and ruled by the vote of a majority of the mass—a majority of the whole people of the Union. If this were so,—if it were true that this is a government of a majority of the whole people, Grover Cleveland would now be President of the United States, instead of Benjamin Harrison, for Cleveland got 100,000 more votes than Harrison. If it were so, Rutherford B. Hayes would not have been President, for there was a majority of more than 300,000 against him in the election of 1876. If it were so, Abraham Lincoln would not have been President, for nearly a million more votes were cast against him than were cast for him in the election of 1860. If it were so, neither John Quincy Adams, Zachary Taylor, nor James Buchanan would have been President, for Adams had 50,000 less of the popular vote than Jackson; Taylor had 50,000 less than half the popular vote; and Buchanan had 200,000 less than half the

popular vote. But it is not so. As little as any other is this a government of a majority of the mass.

This disposes of the Britannica's dictum as to the Constitution, and its teachings as to the nature of our Government, and exposes the fallacy of the saying that this is "a government of the people, by the people, for the people." The quotations I have given from Davis, Stephens, Henry Lee and Madison, and from the Constitution itself, as well as the whole history of its formation and its daily working, show that this Government was made by States, of States, for States;—that it is not an empire of provinces, but a federated republic, composed of independent States.¹

VI.

With its characteristic dogmatism, and true to the monarchical spirit that pervades it, the Britannica says that Alexander Hamilton was the ablest American jurist and statesman. It is not at all surprising to find in the Britannica such an estimate as that, of the American who called democracy "a disease." Most foreign writers have this opinion of Hamilton, because of his anti-Democratic, monarchical tendencies, but, per contra, Justice Bradley, of the United States Supreme Court, says: "The opinions of Marshall are

1. In the case of *Ware vs. Hilton* (3 Dallas, p. 224), the Supreme Court of the United States, Justice Chase delivering the opinion, decided that when the Continental Congress declared the Thirteen United Colonies free and independent States, it was "a declaration, not that the United Colonies, jointly, in a collective capacity, were independent States, etc., but that each of them was a sovereign and independent State." See Addendum C.

the standard authority on constitutional questions. In crystalline clearness of thought, irrefragable logic, and a wide and statesmanlike view of all questions of public consequence he has had no superior in this or any other country"; and Alexander H. Stephens, in his writings, says: "Of all the statesmen in this country, none ever excelled Mr. Jefferson in grasp of political ideas, and a thorough understanding of the principles of human government"; and Prof. John Fiske, the accomplished scholar and historian, who has made the history of this Government the subject of his special study, says that Madison "was superior to Hamilton in sobriety and balance of powers," and adds the well known fact that the Government was more Madison's work than that of any other one man.¹

Martin Van Buren—Vice-President and President of the United States—who lived in the same day and same State with Alexander Hamilton, in his *"Inquiry Into the Origin and Course of Political Parties in the United States,"* says: "Hamilton did more than any, and I had almost said than all, his contemporaries together to counteract the will of the people and to subvert by undermining the Constitution of their choice. If his sapping and mining policy had been finally successful this glorious old Constitution of ours would long since have sunk beneath the waters of time, an object of neglect and scorn. Our system might then have dissolved in anarchy, or crouched

1. For a very able, well-written, interesting article on Madison, see the *International Cyclopaedia* (1898).

under despotism or under some milder type of arbitrary government,—a monarchy, an aristocracy, or most ignoble of all, a moneyed oligarchy;—but as a Republic it would have endured no longer. In this aspect, notwithstanding his great and good qualities,—and he had many,—Hamilton's course was an outrage upon liberty and a crime against free government.) * * * * The most prominent of his measures have been discarded.”¹ Mr. Van Buren further says: “Thomas Jefferson stands, in my estimation, as a faithful republican, pure patriot, and wise and accomplished statesman, unequaled in the history of man.”

Here we have the Britannica on one side, and an eminent American jurist, two distinguished American statesmen, and a learned American author on the other. Justice Bradley says Hamilton was not an abler jurist than Marshall, Mr. Stephens says he was not an abler statesman than Jefferson, Prof. Fiske says Madison was his superior in sobriety and balance of powers, and Mr. Van Buren says that if his policy had succeeded the Republic would have endured no longer. Is not this, to say the least of it, calculated to shake somewhat the faith of the Britannica worshippers in the infallibility of their big literary fetish?

1. In the pirated and spurious work published under the title of “The Encyclopedia Britannica,” by the Werner Company, of Chicago, it is stated that the Constitution, as finally adopted, “was drawn up by Alexander Hamilton”! This is the sort of stuff that passes with many people for history.

DID HE "RETIRE WITH DIGNITY"?

When it comes to American history the Britannica seems to have the knack of being found directly opposed by well established facts and the highest American authorities. Take, for instance, the statement in its article on John Adams that "he (Adams) retired with dignity to his native place," after his defeat in the Presidential election of 1800; whereas the truth is that he retired in a huff—in a very undignified manner—so mad that he didn't stay in Washington to see the inauguration of his successor, with whom he had no intercourse for thirteen years afterward.

IT GOES WRONG ON "THE FEDERALIST."

In its article on American Literature the Britannica alludes to "The Federalist" as a newspaper—calling it "the organ of the anti-Democratic party"; whereas it is well known to those familiar with American literature that "The Federalist" is the name of a book composed of articles on the Constitution by certain distinguished American statesmen. ("Great service was done," says *The International Cyclopaedia*, "to the cause of the Constitution by a series of essays called the *Federalist*. These were written by Hamilton, Madison, and a third Federal statesman, Jay.") It is the most famous American political text book, and if the authors of the Britannica had studied it properly they would not have displayed such ignorance as they have in regard to this Government.

IT BLUNDERS ABOUT JEFFERSON.

In its article on Thomas Jefferson the Britannica says that he was the author of the ordinance passed by Congress for the government of the North-west Territory, containing the provision that there should be no slavery, after the year 1800, in any State organized from that territory. That is what the Britannica says, but the fact is that Thomas Jefferson was not in the United States when that ordinance was passed. He was residing in Paris as minister to the French court at that time (1787), and George Ticknor Curtis, Alexander H. Stephens, and Daniel Webster, and other high American authorities say that Nathan Dane was the author of that ordinance. (See *Curtis's Constitutional History of the United States*, vol. I, p. 549; *Stephens's War Between the States*, vol. I, p. 512; *Webster's Works*, vol. III, p. 263, 8th ed.) Here again we have the foreign cyclopedia refuted by distinguished American statesmen and historians.

IT TELLS WHAT "LED TO THE WAR OF '61."

In further reference in the same article to the North-west Territory, the Britannica says: "It was the attempt to organize States from this territory in defiance of this restriction (as to slavery) that led to the war of 1861." This is the worst yet. What was called the North-west Territory was the territory between the Ohio and Mississippi rivers, now comprised in the States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Michigan and Wis-

consin, and part of Minnesota—which, as I have before stated, was ceded to the United States by Virginia; and it was, according to the Britannica's statement in its article on Jefferson, the attempt to organize these States in violation of law that led to the war of 1861! This is even worse than the statement elsewhere in this same encyclopedia that, during the war, the Northern cavalry traversed the Southern high roads on bicycles and tricycles!¹ Really, the Britannica writers should have consulted some of the school-boys and girls of Montgomery in the preparation of its articles on American history.

IT MISREPRESENTS TILDEN.

The Britannica says that Mr. Tilden consented to the creation of the electoral commission for deciding the disputed result of the presidential election of 1876. This is another reminder of the old saying about going from home to learn the news. Nobody on this side of the Atlantic ever heard Mr. Tilden consent that the result of that election should be determined in any way not prescribed by the Constitution, but here comes a cyclopedia from a foreign land three thousand miles

1. Commenting on this statement and others of the same character in the Britannica, the Atlanta Constitution said: "There is something attractive about these bold and dashing statements. They pique the reader's curiosity. When the stern troopers of Custer and Kilpatrick trundled along on their bicycles through Virginia and Georgia it is plain that they must have found a better system of country roads than we know anything about. This fact alone is sufficiently puzzling, but when we reflect that bicycles were not in use until several years after the close of the war, the matter assumes a very interesting aspect. How did the federal cavalry get hold of bicycles ten years in advance of their fellow-citizens? But we cannot pursue the subject. * * * The description of American military methods is as good as anything that Jules Verne has ever written."

away, with the information that he did so consent. Where did the big foreign literary fetish get its information on this point? The fact is that Mr. Tilden was opposed to having an electoral commission to decide the result of that election.

A LESSON IN GEOGRAPHY.

The Britannica says: "The Chattahoochee river is navigable from Macon to the Gulf of Mexico during the greater part of the year." (See article on Columbus, Georgia.) Now the fact is that the Chattahoochee river is not navigable from Macon during the greater part of the year. The fact is that it is not navigable from Macon during any part of the year. Indeed, the fact is that the Chattahoochee river is not at nor near Macon at all. Beyond all question the authors of the Britannica made a very great mistake in not consulting some Alabama or Georgia school-boy or girl in the preparation of its articles touching American history, geography, etc. If they had done so the Britannica would certainly have contained something about Birmingham, Alabama, and an article on Austin, Texas, to say nothing of Brunswick, Georgia.

"HAMLET" WITHOUT HAMLET.

To write a history of Alabama with no mention of Bienville is like playing Hamlet with the part of Hamlet left out, and yet this is just what the authors of the Britannica have done. The reader of its article on Alabama would never learn from that article that

such a man as Bienville—whose name is so closely interwoven with the history of the settlement of this great State—ever lived, nor could the reader find in that cyclopedia any article on Bienville. He would find one, though, on a person by the name of Bilfinger, who appears to have been a privy councillor to a duke or something of the sort some hundred and fifty years ago, and who wrote a treatise entitled “*Dilucidationes Philosophicæ, De Deo, Anima Humana Mundo,*” etc. The *Britannica* authors evidently didn’t think it worth while to give space for an article on Bienville, the brave soldier and explorer, the settler of States and founder of cities; nor of James Blair, the founder, and for fifty years the president of the second college in America, but they didn’t intend to get left on Bilfinger—a duke’s privy councillor and the writer of a Latin treatise. Never! Perish Bienville; let the founder and guiding genius of the Alma Mater of statesmen and sages sink into oblivion, but live Bilfinger!

IT GETS THERE ON “AMPHIBIA.”

But if the *Britannica* is short on Alabama—to which it gives only a page and a half, it “gets there” in great shape on “*Amphibia*,” to which it devotes twenty-two pages, from which we glean the very interesting and useful information that “the ganglion of the glossopharyngeal nerve appears to coalesce with that of the vagus”; and that “the vagus or pneumogastric, in the perennibranchiate *Amphibia*, supplies

the second and third branchia, and the cucullaris muscle." It also gives the highly gratifying assurance that "the parietofrontals, nasals, premaxillæ, maxillæ, squamosals, palatines, pterygoids, and parasphenoids, the dentary and angulo-opercular bones, may be removed without injury to the chondochranium." As the rest of this extremely entertaining treatise is in the same limpid and fascinating style that distinguishes the foregoing extracts, it would be superfluous to state that no family should be without the Britannica's article on Amphibia.

AND IT IS SOLID ON ARACHNIDA, MOLLUSCA, ORTHORHO-
PHA, ETC.

It is nothing more than fair, too, after all that has been said, to add that the Encyclopedia Britannica is made up, in very great part, of articles quite similar to the one on Amphibia,—that is, similar in respect to the absorbing interest of the themes treated, the diamond-like ludicity of the language in which they are couched, and the great practical value—the every-day usefulness—to so many people of the information they impart. Such, for instance, are its sixty-eight columns on Crustacea, its fifty-eight columns on Arachnida, its one hundred and sixty-three columns on Infinitesimal Calculus, and its long treatises on Mollusca, Orthorhophæ, Cyclorhapha, Nematocera, Bibroniæ, Psychodidæ, etc. And surely there is not one among those who possess the Britannica who has not read over and over again, and each time with renewing rapture, its hun-

dred and thirty columns on Ichthyology, abounding with such widely interesting and indispensable information as this: "In the Teleosteous fishes the spinous column consists of completely ossified amphiœlous vertebræ; its termination is homocercal. The Polypteroidei have their spinous column formed by distinct osseous amphiœlous vertebræ, and is nearly diphyœlous." Clearly, nobody should go a-fishing without the Britannica volume with the article on Ichthyology.

What matters it that this Encyclopedia defames the South? And totally ignores many of her greatest sons? And makes so many false statements concerning the history of this country, and is so lacking generally in American subjects, and so defective in those it does profess to treat? What matters all this? Isn't it solid on England and things English, you know? And on Ichthyology, and the Wave Theory of Light, and Hydromechanics, and Ambrosius Theodosius Macrobius, and Claudius Namatianus Rutilius—and Bilfinger?

VII.

Not only is it true that but for the genius, patriotism and valor of Southern men the United States could not have won their independence in the War of the Revolution,—that the bond which afterwards bound the States together in a Federal Union was chiefly the creation of Southern statesmanship,—that while Northern statesmen and the Northern people wanted to barter away to a foreign nation the control of the

navigation of the Mississippi, and threatened to secede from the Union if the barter wasn't made (this was in 1786), the statesmen and people of the South opposed and prevented such a ruinous and disgraceful measure,—¹ that the subsequent enlargement of the Union to a size twice as great as its original dimensions was the achievement of Southern statesmanship and valor,—that it was a Southern statesman whose patriotism twice saved it from impending dissolution,—not only are all these things true, but it is also true that without the South's contribution to the Union cause during the war between the States, that cause would have been "the lost cause."

The history of that war shows that many of the bravest and most distinguished soldiers and officers of the Union army and navy were Southern men. The President of the United States during that war was a man of Southern birth and lineage, and the president of the convention that nominated him during the war was a Southern man. But for Andrew Johnson, a Southern man, who was Vice-President under Lincoln, Tennessee would have been lost to the Union, and but for Francis P. Blair, a Southern man who was a general in the Union army, Missouri would, in all likelihood, have joined the Confederacy, and eminent Northern authority has said that the peaceful inauguration of Mr. Lincoln in 1861 and the safety of Washington City then was due to another Southerner—

1. "I would not give one inch of the waters of the Mississippi to any nation."—Thomas Jefferson.

General Winfield Scott, who was then the commanding general of the United States army. (*Robert C. Winthrop to Massachusetts Historical Society*, June 14, 1866.)¹ It was General George H. Thomas, of Virginia, who stood like a rock between the Union army and destruction at Chickamauga,² and at Chattanooga and Mission Ridge dealt the Confederacy blows from which it never recovered. The same general had previously saved the Union army at Mill Springs and Murfreesboro, and shattered Hood's army to pieces at Nashville. A distinguished Confederate has said that those two Southern men—Andrew Johnson and George H. Thomas—dug the grave of the Confederacy.

It was General Nelson, a Southern man in the Union army, who first came to Grant's relief at Shiloh, and saved him from destruction there; it was Samuel Phillips Lee, a Southern man in the United States navy, who saved Thomas at Nashville by keeping open the

1. Mr. L. E. Chittenden, who was Register of the United States Treasury during the war between the States, has recently published a book entitled "Recollections of Mr. Lincoln," in which he says that one of the most critical periods in the existence of the Union was the day appointed for the official count of the presidential vote of 1860, which took place in the presence of both Houses of Congress on February 13, 1861. Mr. Chittenden asserts that this was a moment of imminent danger to the Union, for it was, he says, the day appointed for the seizure of Washington and the accomplishment of a revolution by armed bodies of men hostile to the inauguration of Lincoln, and determined upon preventing, in that way, the counting of the vote; and he declares that he believed at the time, and has never since doubted, that the country was indebted for the peaceful count of the electoral vote, for the proclamation of the election of Mr. Lincoln, and for the suppression of the revolution projected for that day, to Major-General Scott and Vice-President Breckenridge. Commenting on this, the *New York Sun* says: "It is assuredly a curious fact, if fact it be, that two men, both Southern born, should, on Feb. 13, 1861, have carried the republic safely through one of the most imminent perils that ever threatened its existence."

2. "His remarkable courage and skillful generalship alone saved the whole Federal army from meeting with an overwhelming defeat, and earned for him the title of 'The Rock of Chickamauga.'"—*The New International Cyclopaedia*.

Cumberland river for re-inforcements and supplies, a service for which he received the thanks of the United States Congress; the division commander in Sherman's army who stormed the Confederate fortifications at Resaca and effected a lodgment, refusing to leave the field, though severely wounded, was a Virginian; Richard J. Oglesby, colonel, brigadier and major-general, severely wounded at Corinth, was of Southern birth and ancestry; Newton, a Virginian, commanded the first corps of the Union army at Gettysburg, and was afterwards chief of engineers of the United States army; and we have General Sherman's word for it that "one of the chief causes of Lee's surrender was the skillful, hard march, the night before, of the troops under General Ord," another Southern man in the Union army. The standard work on ordnance in the United States army during the war between the States was by a Southern man—Laidley, of Virginia; Lawrence P. Graham, lieutenant-colonel, colonel, and brigadier-general, was a Virginian; Solomon Meredith, who commanded what was known throughout the war as the iron brigade, was a North Carolinian; James Duncan Graham, who in 1865 was superintending engineer of the sea-walls in Boston harbor, was a Virginian. Besides those named there were many other distinguished soldiers in the Union army who were Southern men; and its surgeon-general and judge-advocate-general were Southern men.

Admiral Farragut, the greatest naval commander

on the Union side, was a Southern man; so was his fleet engineer and his fleet-surgeon; a North Carolinian was his chief-of-staff at New Orleans, and a South Carolinian was his chief-of-staff and the commander of his flag-ship in the battle of Mobile Bay; the ship selected to accompany his flag-ship in that battle was commanded by a Southern man, who was advanced 30 numbers for gallant conduct in battle; and the commander of the *Seminole*, another ship under Farragut in the same battle, was a Southern man. The blockade vessel that captured more prizes than any other during the war was commanded by a Southerner; a Southerner commanded the monitor that captured the Confederate iron-clad in Warsaw Sound; it was a Southern officer in the United States navy who, at Pensacola, performed what Admiral Porter says was, without doubt, the most gallant cutting-out affair that occurred during the war, and of whom Mr. Greeley makes special complimentary mention in his history, and to whom Mr. Lincoln personally expressed his gratitude;¹ the commander of the iron-clad division of the fleet at the attack on Fort Fisher—to whom, more than to any other officer, was due the capture of that fort—was a Virginian; a Georgian—a commander in Farragut's fleet, who afterwards rose to rear-admiral—received the surrender of Fort St. Philip; a Southerner commanded the *Monitor* in its engagement with the *Merrimac* (or *Virginia*)

1. John H. Russell, of Maryland.

and personally fired nearly every shot; the commander of the Western Gulf blockading squadron (and also of one of the fleet divisions at New Orleans) was a North Carolinian, and a North Carolinian commanded the ship that sunk the Alabama, the famous Confederate vessel commanded by Raphael Semmes.

Finally, there were in the Union armies more than 300,000 men from the Southern or slave-holding States, exclusive of the more than 200,000 negroes who were taken from their Southern owners and mustered into the military service of the Union;—making in all more than half a million men the United States Government had from the South itself with which to fight the Confederacy—largely more than half the entire number of troops in the Confederate armies. If one-half—one-fourth—one-tenth of these had been with Sidney Johnston at Shiloh, or with Lee at Sharpsburg or Gettysburg there is no room for conjecture as to what would have been the result. And so I say that if the Northern councils and the Northern armies—foreign cohorts and all—in the war between the States had not been re-inforced by Southern brain and Southern brawn, the North and not the South would have been the vanquished in that war. Of a truth, the shaft that quivered in her heart was winged by the South herself. 'Twas her own genius that laid her low,—that overcame her.

“Ah! realm of tombs! but let her bear
This blazon to the last of times:
No Nation rose so white and fair,
Nor fell so pure of crimes.”

And when the war was over, and the North prepared a vast and magnificent burial ground at the Nation's capital for the soldiers of her armies who had fallen in the strife, she paid tribute to Southern genius in selecting, out of all the world's literature (because in the literature of all the world there is nothing better to be found), the poetry of a Southern man for inscription over their graves.¹

And now I must take leave of the Encyclopedia Britannica. An enumeration of all its sins of commission and omission in its various departments—scientific as well as historical and literary—would fill a volume of itself and require more time than I have at my disposal for that purpose.

My object has been chiefly to vindicate the South from its outrageous aspersion, and therefore I have not dwelt upon its grave defects in other directions, prominent among which is the fact that it contains no notice of any living person. History, without our contemporaries, is only half history; and it is simply ridiculous to claim completeness as a cyclopedia for a work that has not biographies of the very men whose deeds, in one form or another, attract the greatest amount of general attention, but no biographies are to be found in the Britannica of Bismark, Moltke, Gladstone, Kossuth, Huxley, Tyndall, Herbert Spen-

1. "The Bivouac Of The Dead," by Theodore O'Hara, an officer in the Confederate army.

cer, Tennyson, Edwin Arnold, Swinburne, Browning, Castelar, Carnot, Cleveland, Blaine, or any man or woman now living anywhere in the world. Commenting on this omission of these and other prominent characters, *The Nation* has aptly said: "To present history without them is a task which lies well beyond the abilities of the editor-in-chief and his assistant corps of editors." A striking instance of this defect was brought to my attention recently by a gentleman who said that when news came of the death of General Joseph E. Johnston he went to his Britannica to obtain some particular information about the dead general, and failed to find there anything about him. As General Johnston didn't die before the publication of that volume of the Britannica which treats of names beginning with the letter "J," no notice of him is in that cyclopedia. So, there is no article in it on Beaconsfield (D'Israeli), or Carlyle, or Darwin, or George Eliot, or Victor Hugo, or Gambetta, or Garibaldi, or Jules Favre, or George Bancroft, or Jefferson Davis, or Robert Toombs, or Howell Cobb, or Benjamin H. Hill; or the poets,—Timrod, Hayne, Ryan and Lanier. As Margaret J. Preston and James R. Randall—two of America's most gifted poets—are still alive, of course no information at all about them is to be had from the Britannica.

WHAT HE THOUGHT HE WAS GETTING, AND WHAT HE
REALLY DID GET.

Of course the gentleman who failed to find in his Britannica the information he wanted about General Johnston was greatly disappointed, not to say disgusted. He got the Britannica under the impression that he was getting a *complete* cyclopedia—one that was fuller, more thorough, more accurate—one that would tell him more about more things and leave less to be desired in the way of general information than all other cyclopedias combined. The publishers and the agent told him it was that kind of a cyclopedia, and showed him some remarks to the same effect from some English and Northern (probably Massachusetts) papers, and he bought it, and now finds that—instead of having a really useful book of reference, such as is suited to the every-day educational needs of American people—he has a collection of elaborate scientific and technical treatises and discussions, philosophical and metaphysical disquisitions, and abstruse ethical essays, where frequently for entire pages the meaning of no two consecutive lines can be comprehended by the average college graduate, not to say the ordinary reader, and much of which is of no more value to the great mass of readers than a Chinese almanac would be. Strike out its surplusage of long, labored treatises, formulas, and useless and unreadable portions, and the Britannica can be embraced in less than sixteen volumes. For in-

stance, in one of its volumes, which contains 856 pages, 471 of those pages are filled with treatises on nine subjects. Of course this method of construction renders it of little value as a book to be consulted for information about the most of the subjects which are essential to the general reader, and for which a cyclopedia is most frequently and most profitably consulted. Those long treatises do not leave room enough for the subjects in which the great majority of people are most interested.

As the *Britannica* devotes no space to living people, one would naturally expect to find in it information about more of those who are not living than in cyclopedias that include both. But such is not the case. Other cyclopedias not only tell us of the thinkers and actors who are making history and shaping the destinies of nations and States to-day, but they tell us of a great many more of the world's distinguished dead than the *Britannica* tells of.

Another instance of its lack of readily accessible information on topics of living interest may be cited in the case of the editor of a leading journal who was expressing his disappointment at not finding in his *Britannica* any articles on "The Latin Union," the "Monetary Commission of the United States Congress," the "International Monetary Conference," and "Inter State Commerce." The truth is that the *Britannica* is, properly speaking, only a semi-cyclopedia.

A GLANCE AT ITS EUROPEAN FIELD.

It is not within the purview of this writing to follow the Britannica into other fields than that which I have been specially reviewing; otherwise I should comment on the absence from its pages of biographies of such historic characters as Berthier, Bertrand, Bessieres, Brune, Caulaincourt, Cambronne, Davoust, Duroc, Grouchy, Mortier,—those soldiers of the French Republic and of the Empire under the great Napoleon who carried the eagles of France in triumph over so many battle fields and filled the world with the fame of their martial deeds; and the vicomte de Beauharnais, first husband of the empress Josephine; and Cadoudal, whom Bonaparte could not bribe with place or gold; and Bugeaud; and Bouille; and Rochambeau; and Bagration and Kutusow, the great Russian generals; and Biron, the Russian duke and regent whose career was so remarkable and thrilling; and the queens Brunehaut and Fredegonda, whose rivalries constitute a long, bloody and fateful episode in French history; and Bernardo del Carpio; and Catalani; and those world-famous heroines, Grace Darling, Florence Nightingale, and Flora McDonald; and Agnes Bernauer, whose unhappy love and pathetic fate plunged a country into war; and Beatrice Portinari; and Behring, the famous navigator (Behring's strait); and Eric, the Norwegian adventurer; and Praise God Barebones; and Jack Cade; and Blondel, the hero of one of the most exquisitely romantic stories in litera-

ture; and Brian Boru (Boroimhe), the Irish hero immortalized in Tom Moore's words—"Remember the glories of Brian the brave." (We couldn't remember them if we depended on the Britannica for the knowledge of them.)

I know it is astounding and almost incredible that, in an encyclopedia for which so much is claimed as is claimed for the Britannica, there are no articles on the characters here named, but it is a fact, nevertheless; and, after all, is it much stranger than that there is in the same cyclopedia no such title as "Thermopylæ," nor "Borodino," nor "Aspern," nor "Arcola," nor "Campo Formio," nor "Brienne," nor "Balaklava," nor—but I cannot follow it through the European field. Its defects in that field revealed by a cursory glance at the titles under the first few letters of the alphabet sufficiently indicate the proportions to which the list would grow under closer inspection from "A" to "Izzard," and that would involve too wide a departure from the purpose of this writing, which is to vindicate the South from a great aspersion (as I have said), and to show that the book in which that aspersion is published is the last one that an American should get if what he wants is a book from which he can quickly and accurately inform himself on American history and geography, American biography and literature, and, in short, on all those subjects upon which nine hundred and ninety-nine people out of a thousand are most likely to want information in the daily affairs and conversation of life.

WHAT A CYCLOPEDIA SHOULD BE.

A cyclopedia, to fill the measure of the true signification of the term, should be a dictionary of general knowledge, so divided and classified that any desired fact or principle can be found with the greatest practicable facility,—an epitome of the most valuable knowledge, which can be easily consulted, readily understood, and promptly applied, without the toil of picking out a few grains of available gold from a discouraging mass of matter written for exclusively scientific readers, and of the most abstruse scientific character. This is just what the *Britannica* is not. It is the very reverse of this, and is therefore of comparatively small value to all except masters in special departments of science or art, who have both the time and the ability to grapple with technical subtleties, obscure terminology, and intricate discussions. Its publishers, though, in offering it for sale to the American people, assured them that it would be “thorough and accurate in the Geography, History, and Institutions of America, and an authoritative book of reference for English-speaking communities in every quarter of the globe,” and upon the strength of this assurance they sold thousands of copies of the work throughout this country. Do the facts sustain the representation upon which the publishers sold it? Is it thorough and accurate on the Geography, History, and Institutions of America? If it is not, has not fraud been practiced, in the selling of it, by those who

sold it upon those who bought it because of their faith in that representation?

A GREAT IMPOSITION.

The truth is that the sale of the Encyclopedia Britannica to the American people as the reference-book best suited to their wants is the greatest imposition, in the book-selling line, ever practiced upon a people. The low price for which it can now be had and the attempts at "Americanizing" it are proofs of this truth. Long before the last volume of the cumbrous work had been delivered to the thousands who had been induced to subscribe for it, its worthlessness as a reference book for the people was manifest, and it had consequently become a drug on the market. Then the price began to fall, and kept falling till the Britannica could be had for half its former cost, but its inutility had by this time become still more widely known, and it still remained a drug.

As a last resort in the strenuous efforts to sell it, in one form or another, an "Americanized Britannica" is announced, and the publishers are placing it in the offices of newspapers, to be sold at *one-fourth* of the original cost of the Britannica, to every one who will at the same time subscribe for the paper that is selling it! This is a shrewd device for keeping up a fast falling fabric, for of course the papers with which this arrangement is made proceed at once to pronounce it the best of all cyclopedias. It is "strictly business" with them. Their object is to extend their own circu-

lation, and as long as they can get a subscriber for themselves, and a handsome commission besides, for every copy of the Britannica they sell, they will of course "boom" the Britannica. But how are the mighty fallen! The much-vaunted "monarch of encyclopedias," from a hundred and twenty dollars down to thirty, and a newspaper thrown in! Which is the chromo, the paper or the Britannica?

I have not seen the Britannica in this, its latest guise, but it is presumably the same old English dish, with more American trimmings, but with the same venom in it towards the South,—the same venomous misrepresentation that has made the world at large regard the South as an ignorant, illiterate, semi-barbarous section of the American people, sunk in brutality and vice, that has contributed nothing to the advancement of mankind. If this is the case,—if this misrepresentation of the South is perpetuated in the so-called Americanized Britannica, then the publishers of the papers that are engaged in selling it—for profit to themselves—to the people of this country, should send a copy of this pamphlet along with every copy of the cyclopedia they sell, so that the truth may go along with the falsehood—the antidote with the poison which they are employed in disseminating. This much, at least, is due from them to the people who are traduced by the Britannica, and into whose homes they are placing that work. I would say, however, to those who may be so enamored of the title "Britannica" that they feel that it is not possible

for a cyclopedia with any other title to be as good as the one which bears that name, that if they will wait a while longer before they buy it they will in all probability (judging from the rate at which it has been falling) be able to get a Britannica at a much lower price than the one at which it is now offered. So rapid has been its depreciation during the last few years that I shall not be surprised to see it going for fifteen or twenty dollars, or less, within the next year or two. But I trust that the days for duping the people of the South into buying the Britannica are over. Shall we continue to buy the literature that slanders us? Other and better cyclopedias are to be had, from sources less ignorant of and less prejudiced against this section than those which inspired the British work, and to them should our preference be given.

ANGLO-MANIACS.

There are, as I have said, some who have been impressed with the belief that in the Britannica they have the ne plus ultra of human knowledge. They read and are imposed upon by its extraordinary claims, gaze upon its big volumes and its pictures, are deeply struck with its big-sounding title, and its long monographs (which they will never read and couldn't understand if they were to read them), and, affected, doubtless, with that mental ailment pathologically known as Anglo-mania—the subjects of which may be recognized by the extravagant regard

they have for whatever is "English, you know"—they buy it, set it up, and prostrate themselves before it in an attitude of abject intellectual adoration. Many of them worship simply its outside—its title, and have probably never read half a dozen pages in it, and don't know that they have in their libraries a book which not only maligns the South, but which also

MAKES WAR ON THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION.

to such an extent as to cause the New York *Christian Advocate* to say,—“The Encyclopedia Britannica is pervaded by a spirit of prejudice against evangelical Christianity”; and the *Christian Intelligencer* to say,—“We have been asking ourselves, ‘Is this encyclopedia edited in the interest of modern skepticism?’ We are beginning to ask ourselves, also, whether it would not be wise to request to be released from our subscription to the work, and whether we might not as well subscribe to a new edition of Paine’s *Age of Reason*, revised and enlarged by the most eminent skeptics of the day”; and the New Orleans *Presbyterian* to say,—“It is clearly evident that this Encyclopedia is controlled by those who belong not to the army of the Defenders of the Faith, but to the host which are studiously seeking to undermine its battlements and to sap the foundations of the Christian religion.” Such is the Encyclopedia Britannica from the standpoint of the most enlightened Christianity. When its publishers realize that they cannot dupe

the people into buying the "Americanized Britannica," perhaps they will then try them with a "Christianized Britannica."

A POISONED FOUNTAIN.

If, in what I have written, I have but partially removed the film that has hidden from the intellectual vision of any Britannica worshiper the defects and monstrosities of his literary fetish, I have done him a service. He should be informed of them, and he should keep these papers as, in some sort, a refutation of its falsities and an antidote for its teaching. Especially should every Southern and Christian parent know that, in sending his children to it for information about their native land and the religion of their fathers, he is sending them to a poisoned fountain.

[From *The Montgomery Advertiser*, March 22, 1891.]

THE LEES OF VIRGINIA.

“LIGHT HORSE HARRY” OF THE REVOLUTION AND HIS
IMMORTAL SON.

There was no Relationship Between Them and the General Lee of the Revolution—Something More About General Charles Lee—History for Northern Writers and Readers.

To the Editor of the Advertiser :

In the *Advertiser* of the 17th inst., you refer to an article going the rounds of the Northern papers headed, “General Lee, of the Revolution—A new discovered manuscript which places him in a bad light—He had a contempt for Washington.” Commenting on this you say that the Northern papers publishing the article do not once indicate that there were two Lees who were distinguished officers in the American army during the Revolution—one, General Charles Lee, an Englishman by birth, and an adventurer and a soldier of fortune by profession; the other, Henry Lee, a Virginian by birth, the commander of Lee’s legion, the “Light-Horse Harry” of the Revolution, the beloved of Washington, and the father of the immortal Robert E. Lee. He it was, as you correctly

say, who first called Washington "the man first in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen."

I am not surprised at the Northern papers not publishing the fact that the Lee referred to in that article was not the father of Robert E. Lee—was not a Virginian—but was Charles Lee, the Englishman. It was this same Gen. Charles Lee who was wounded in a duel by Col. John Laurens of South Carolina, who challenged Lee for language disrespectful to Washington. He was court-martialed and suspended from command for disobedience of orders, misbehavior before the enemy, and disrespect of the commander-in-chief; and was subsequently dismissed from the service for writing an impertinent letter to Congress. Documentary evidence discovered nearly a hundred years afterwards shows that he plotted treason against the American cause. He was the second officer in command in the Revolutionary army, ranking next to Washington. He had high talent and literary culture, but was extremely eccentric, irascible, vain and boastful. His inordinate vanity and thirst for distinction led him to try to create the impression that he was the author of the "Letters of Junius," and he therefore figures in the literature on that subject as one of the many to whom the authorship of those celebrated letters has been attributed, for there were some who, for a time, believed that he really did write them. Investigation showed that there was nothing to sustain

the claim for him. The facts disclosed wholly disproved it.

THE USUAL NORTHERNER'S APPALLING IGNORANCE OF AMERICAN HISTORY.

There was no relationship between Gen. Charles Lee and the illustrious Virginia family of the same name. I don't suppose that the facts are known to the Northern editors who are publishing the article in question. No doubt they suppose that the General Lee to whom it refers was the Virginian, and the father of Robert E. Lee, notwithstanding the fact that Henry Lee's rank in the Revolution was that of Lieutenant-Colonel, and not General. He did not bear the title of General till he was appointed by President Washington to command the army sent to quell the "Whisky Insurrection" in Pennsylvania, some years after the Revolution. I do not doubt that the Northern editors are wholly unaware of these facts. The density of the usual Northerner's ignorance of the history of his country is something appalling.¹

1. Especially does this ignorance exist with regard to almost everything South of Mason's and Dixon's line. In the early part of last year (1902), a magazine article by a Northern college professor referred to Charleston as the present capital of South Carolina, and a Northern man, in whose company I chanced to be thrown for a time—a college man, of much more than average intelligence and culture—did not know that the Constitution of the United States contained a provision for the rendition of fugitive slaves; neither was he aware of the fact that Gen. U. S. Grant was a slaveholder, living on the hire of his slaves when the war between the States begun. He was a great admirer of Walt Whitman, but of the exquisite poetry of Wilde, and Timrod, Ticknor, Lanier and Hayne, he knew nothing. Indeed, I think he did not know that such men had ever existed.

*and during the War. (His wife's
resides in Ky.)*

“GATH” AND THE BOSTON EDITOR.

A few years ago the most noted of Northern newspaper writers—Mr. George Alfred Townsend, commonly known as “Gath”—in an elaborate historical paper (so-called) in the *Boston Globe*, said that it was largely through the influence of the writings comprised in the book called “The Federalist” that the convention was called that framed the Constitution of the United States! And the Boston editor called the special attention of his readers to the exceptional historical value of Mr. Townsend’s paper, and announced that it was to be published in book form for the instruction of the New England youths in the history of their country! Think of such ignorance as that, in the last decade of the nineteenth century, and in Boston!

And it is only a few months since this same noted writer, “Gath,” in another historical article (so-called), said that “the two principal writers of the essays called “The Federalist” were John Jay and Alexander Hamilton! And yet there are thousands of people who read almost daily “Gath’s” two, three and four column letters, and think, like the Boston editor, that they are getting history in doing it.¹

1. Just as they will think when they read in Schouler’s History of the United States that Governor George W. Crawford, of Georgia, was a son of William H. Crawford, United States Minister to France and Secretary of the Treasury in President Monroe’s cabinet; and (in the same History) that O’Hara’s “Bivouac of the Dead” was written after the war between the States; and as they think when they read some of Mr. Chauncey M. Depew’s remarkable contributions to literature in a historical way,—such, for instance, as the statement that “every statesman whose name has survived the century” (that is, the 18th century) “was for the Jay treaty.”

MRS. CLEVELAND'S GOOD EXAMPLE.

Verily, it is high time for the formation of clubs or societies all over the land for the encouragement of the study of American history. Mrs. Cleveland and other genuine American women have started a movement of that kind among the women of New York, and it is an example that should be followed in every American city and town. Especially should the people of the South welcome and encourage it, for no other section has suffered as much as it has from the misconception and prejudice resulting from ignorance of the history of this country, and no other section has so much of glory to gain from the dissemination of a full and accurate knowledge of that history.

HENRY LEE.

Recurring to the Lees, let me say through the *Advertiser*, for the information of the Northern editors who are exulting in the belief that they have found something that besmirches the fame of the father of Robert E. Lee, that if they will read page 762 of the eighth volume of *The International Encyclopedia* they will find there these words:

“Henry Lee, a distinguished American general, was one of the most daring, vigilant and successful cavalry officers on the side of the colonists. Lee’s legion was probably the most effective and courageous body of troops raised in America. In the famous retreat of

Greene before Cornwallis it formed the rear-guard, the post of honor, and covered itself with glory. At the battles of Guilford Court-house and Eutaw, at the sieges of Forts Watson, Motte, and Granby and Augusta, and at the storming of Fort Grierson, Lee particularly signalized himself."

ROBERT E. LEE.

Then if the Northern editors will read further in the same cyclopedia, they will find there these words:

"Robert E. Lee, son of the preceding, was commander-in-chief of the army of the Confederate States of America. * * * * * He defended Richmond against the Federal army under McClellan and after six days of sanguinary battles drove him to the shelter of his gunboats. Marching north, he defeated General Pope in the second battle of Manassas. Crossing the Potomac into Maryland, with a force of 40,000, he was met at Antietam by McClellan with 80,000, and after a bloody but indecisive conflict recrossed the Potomac and took a position at Fredericksburg, where he was attacked by General Burnside, whose army he defeated with great slaughter. Gen. Hooker, the successor of Generals McClellan, Pope and Burnside, whom Lee had successively defeated, crossed the Rappahannock May 1st, 1863, and was attacked by Gen. Lee, routed with heavy loss and compelled to escape in the night across the river." (Some dates are omitted here for the sake of space.)

On page 767 of the same volume, the Northern

editors, if they will pursue the interesting and truthful line of historical reading on which I have put them, will find these words: "Gen. Joseph Hooker had been appointed to supersede Gen. Burnside, and with a powerful army now declared his intention to make quick work of ousting the Confederate army from Fredericksburg. His army was double in numbers that of Lee. On April 29 he had massed six army corps on the north side of the Rappahannock near Chancellorsville, and should have chosen his own battlefield. The genius of Lee was never more conspicuous than at this time. He took the initiative of attack before Hooker's army was through the 'wilderness,' and detaching Gen. 'Stonewall' Jackson with 21,000 men to make a long circuit to the rear of the right flank of the Union army, he occupied Gen. Hooker with menaces in front until the evening of the 30th, when Jackson's attack fell like a thunderbolt from a clear sky on the rear of the Union army. The next morning the attack was made real in front, and such was the paralysis of the Union commanders, and such was the mastery of the time and place for action on the part of Lee, that the great army of Hooker was already defeated. * * * On May 4th the whole Union army was in full retreat, completely outgeneraled at all points."

"Lee now organized his army to renew the invasion of Pennsylvania. * * * He maneuvered so as to force Hooker with all his army to follow, but at the same time so attenuated his line as to draw the fol-

lowing characteristic letter from President Lincoln to Gen. Hooker: 'If the head of Lee's army is at Martinsburg and the tail of it on the plank-road between Fredericksburg and Chancellorsville, the animal must be very slim somewhere; could you not break him?' But Hooker was evidently afraid of Lee anywhere, and with reason." Then follows on the same page an account of the battle of Gettysburg, closing with these words: "On the afternoon of the 3rd (July, 1863), Lee massed 145 cannon and opened the battle with their thunder, under cover of which his attacking columns were formed. The attack was all that human bravery could make it; but the column melted before the fire that waited for it; and though its head reached and covered the key of the struggle, the main force of the column was annihilated, and the position retaken. Gen. Lee's noble equanimity was conspicuous in this defeat in the manner of his meeting the disorganized remnant of that returning column, infusing them with his own serene confidence. A retreat was now necessary, but it was deliberate and orderly, and Gen. Meade, after his victory, found no place in Lee's army for attack."

THEY SHOULD READ IT ALL.

I am sure the Northern editors must, by this time, be sufficiently interested in the subject to read the conclusion of the International Encyclopedia's article on Gen. Lee. Aside from the historical instruction they will derive from it, they will find the whole

article a model of clear cut English, well worth perusal for the chasteness and vigor of its style. Of course only extracts are given from it here. It concludes as follows:

“The ‘immense campaign’ of 1864 for the possession of Richmond was now to test and crown the military fame of Gen. Lee. Gen. U. S. Grant, victorious thus far on every field, assumed the personal command of the army of the Potomac. For an entire year all the vast resources at his command were used with that rugged grit that regards no loss of life too great which achieves the quick end of war, and with an energy and skill that all the world acknowledges. Yet during that entire year Gen. Lee, with an army small in comparison, by his engineering skill, masterly handling, and invariable readiness, held Grant’s army at bay, and yielded at last only as a cube of steel may yield to the last great pressure of a colossal vise. Grant was hammering at the front of flint that Lee invariably presented. But the weakening force could but show their heroic valor and the resources of their commander. The last council of war of the army of Northern Virginia was held on the evening of the 8th of April, 1865, and General Lee surrendered the remnant of his troops on the 9th. His parting address to his men is a model of sad dignity and grateful recognition of an army’s constancy.” * * *

“In person General Lee was of the noblest type of manly beauty; tall, broad-shouldered, erect, with a

dignity as impressive as that of Washington, yet not so cold; of habits as pure, more warmly religious; with a calm, confident, kindly manner that no disaster could change. Wishing every one to remain faithful to the old traditions of the South in all that pertained to honor, virtue and hospitality, yet he set himself to work to root up those animosities and provincial rivalries which led only to ruin.”

Such were the Lees of Virginia whose names head this article,—Henry Lee, the father; and Robert E. Lee, the son. As they made themselves glorious by their deeds, History has made them glorious by her words, and they

“Are Freedom’s now, and Fame’s;
Among the few, the immortal names,
That were not born to die.”

The South claims them as her own, and proudly says of each of them, as a duke of Ormonde said of an earl of Ossory, “I would not exchange my dead son for any living son in the world.” I commend the study of their lives and of our country’s history to the millions of uninformed and misinformed people of the North.¹

Montgomery, Ala., March, 1891.

1. When a pirating Boston publisher appropriated the book issued by Prof. George Long, of London, entitled “The Thoughts of the Emperor M. Aurelius Antoninus,” he inserted in his issue a dedication to Gen. Grant, who was then President. Prof. Long took a Londoner’s view of the piracy and dedication and attached a note to the next edition of the work, printed in London, in which he said:

“I might dedicate the book to the successful general who is now the President of the United States, with the hope that his integrity and justice

will restore peace and happiness, so far as he can, to those unhappy States which have suffered so much from war and the unrelenting hostility of wicked men. But, as the Roman poet said, 'Victrix causa Deis placuit, sed victa Catoni;' and if I dedicated this little book to any man I would dedicate it to him who led the Confederate armies against the powerful invader, and retired from an unequal contest defeated, but not dishonored; to the noble Virginian soldier, whose talents and virtues place him by the side of the best and wisest man who sat on the throne of the Imperial Caesars."

THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR.

What is called the Spanish-American war occurred seven years after the foregoing articles were written. It was not much of a war, not as many men being killed in the entire war, so-called, as were killed in any one of many of the small battles of the war between the States; and the United States, as a nation, has little to boast of in connection with it; but, such as it was, the South—the much maligned, deeply wronged South, suffering still and doomed to suffer through many long years to come from the ravages of a bitter and cruel war of destruction and a yet more bitter and heartless war of reconstruction, that left her prostrate and bleeding at every pore—was promptly at the front, as usual, with more than her quota, maintaining her old-time record and precedence in deeds of heroism under the very flag that but a little while before had waved in triumph over her awful agony. That's the South.

It was Wheeler, of Alabama—Georgian by birth, and a lieutenant-general of the Confederate army—who, quitting a seat in Congress at the age of 62, was among the first to be mustered in as a major-general of the volunteer army of the United States in the Spanish-American war. Let Northern witnesses bear further testimony of him:

“I am sorry,” said Mr. Dolliver, of Iowa, in a speech in Congress in January, 1899, “I am sorry that I do not see in his seat our old friend from Alabama, General Wheeler. I have served with him in this House for ten years, a large part of that time sitting with him on the same committee, and I have learned to look upon the old soldier with a filial affection. I did my best to persuade him against going into the Cuban campaign. I tried to get him to see that his duty was here in the House of Representatives, leaving to the younger generation the dangers and diseases of the field and the camp; but the old man said he must go. He weighed only 98 pounds, and he said he could ride a horse all day without tiring the horse. So he went down there and bore the part of a patriot and a soldier.

“At the time of the attack upon Santiago he was sick and unable to leave his tent, but when he heard the firing he got into an ambulance and started for the front. When he met details of men carrying the wounded to the rear he told the boys to let the wounded ride, and asked them to get him out of the ambulance and put him upon his horse; and all day long on the firing line at Santiago he kept the field, directing the movement of his troops.”

Said the *Public Ledger*, of Philadelphia (March 20, 1899,) : “All observant readers of official and other reports on the Santiago campaign will recognize the truth of Governor Roosevelt’s remark that ‘General Wheeler was the backbone of the campaign.’ ” The

Ledger's remarks had reference to the well known fact that General Wheeler persistently opposed the retreat of the army that was contemplated by its commanding general just before the Santiago fight.

It was Richmond P. Hobson, of Alabama, who performed the exploit of which Julian Hawthorne (a Northern historian) says: "On June 3d a deed was done which immediately took its place as the most daring and brilliant of the war, and one of the most heroic ever planned and executed in naval history. *

* * * * *

"It all seems like a chapter of romance by Stevenson or Cooper. * * * * *

"Was ever fairy tale more wonderful? The matter-of-fact, prosaic Nineteenth Century vanishes as we read, and the great days of classic heroism are with us once more. * * * * *

"One might almost say that this exploit marked the crisis of the war."

It was Worth Bagley, of North Carolina, who was the first officer of the American navy to fall in that war—slain on the deck of his boat by a shell from a hidden shore battery whose fire he was daringly endeavoring to draw.

First to shed his blood on Cuban soil was John Blair Gibbs, a Virginian, who was a physician in the city of New York, with a practice worth \$10,000 a year, which he gave up to serve as surgeon in the navy during the war; and he was the first physician in that city to enlist for that war in the medical corps

of the army or navy, and the first to be accepted as a surgeon under President McKinley's first call for volunteers.

It was Arthur L. Willard, of Maryland, who planted the first American flag in Cuba; and Thomas M. Brumby, of Georgia, who raised the flag over Manila; and Calvin Anderson, a Virginian, who fired the first gun on El Caney and the first salute at the surrender of Santiago; and the only captain promoted to first rank, and to whom this promotion was given for gallantry on the field, was Micah Jenkins, "a gentle and courteous South Carolinian," wrote his commanding officer, Col. Roosevelt, "on whom danger acted like wine."

As it was a Southerner who performed the most heroic exploit on the sea in that war, so were the most noted, daring and perilous missions on land executed by Southern men. When the war department wanted to send a message, fraught with much moment, across the island of Cuba to General Garcia, it was Lieutenant Andrew Summers Rowan, a Virginian, who was selected for the dangerous and difficult task. Through the swamps and underbrush and over the mountains of Cuba he carried the message to Garcia, brought back the information that was of such service to the American army, and for the skill, courage and promptness with which he performed his mission he was promoted from lieutenant to lieutenant-colonel.

When Admiral Sampson was perplexed with doubt,

uncertain which way to turn, for lack of certain knowledge as to the Spanish fleet—knowledge which it required a high order of courage and a rare degree of coolness to obtain—it was Lieutenant Victor Blue, a North Carolinian, whom he dispatched to obtain that knowledge, and who obtained it and brought it to his commander by going seventy miles alone within the enemy's lines, and counting their ships one by one as they lay at anchor in Santiago harbor. Death as a spy would have been his fate if he had been caught, and he knew it. It was this same North Carolinian who but a little while before had traversed the lines of Spanish gunboats and soldiers to communicate with General Gomez, the Cuban commander-in-chief.

“Admiral Sampson paced his deck,
With troubled brow and eye,
While the lights of Santiago flared
Afar against the sky.

* * * * *

“A light came into the Admiral's eye—
His clouded brow grew free
As he said to his orderly waiting there—
‘Send Lieutenant Blue to me!’

“In the shadow that night a little craft
Slipped off from the flagship's side,
And, turning, steered for the Cuban shore,
Borne in on the Cuban tide—

“And Victor Blue was there alone,
Serene and well content—

Rejoiced at heart to be off again
On the Spanish fox's scent.

* * * * *

“Victor Blue! What a name it is
For a deed of old renown—
How it stirs the blood, how the fancy wakes
And brushes the cobwebs down!

“Why, you see the flag, its stars and stripes,
You hear the bugles play,
And you know some deed of desperate need
Has come to blaze the way!”

Yes, it was to Hobson, of Alabama, and Blue, of North Carolina—Southerners and sons of Confederate soldiers—that the admiral turned for “deeds of desperate need”; and when the shock of battle came between the opposing fleets, it was the Southerner, Winfield Scott Schley, who commanded the American ships in the action that resulted in the greatest victory of the war.

When it was thought that it would be necessary to send an armored squadron to the coast of Spain, a Southern man—John Crittenden Watson, grandson of the illustrious Southern statesman, John J. Crittenden—was selected for its commander; and a Southern man—Elwell S. Otis—was made commander-in-chief of the American forces in the Philippines. The Inspector-General of the army was Joseph C. Breckinridge, another Southerner, who took the field as major-general of volunteers and whose horse was shot under him before Santiago; nor should it be for-

gotten that the man who occupied the position of consul at Havana in the trying days preceding the outbreak of hostilities, and guarded the interests of the United States with unfaltering patriotism and unfailing judgment, was Fitzhugh Lee, of Virginia, a general of the Confederate army, who, on the termination of his consulship, tendered his services as a soldier, and was mustered into the volunteer army as a major-general just before General Wheeler was.

The first of the major-generals of volunteers mustered in at the outbreak of the war was a Southern man, and of the other ten mustered in on the same occasion four were Southern, four Northern, and one was Irish; and among the brigadier-generals was another Southerner in the person of General William C. Oates,—a colonel in the Confederate army, who was wounded six times and lost his right arm in the war between the States, and who—like Wheeler and like Hobson—was from Alabama.

That's the South—thus was she illustrated—in the Spanish-American war. What of New England? Let a Northern witness answer. Said the *Milwaukee Sentinel*: “The scare in New England over the chances of a Spanish raid on her coasts is about the most absurd thing developed in the war. There is not now and has not been the least sign that such a thing is possible. The Spanish fleet has enough to do without getting so far from support. The coast is regularly patrolled and communication cannot be interrupted. Yet that coast seems to be frightened out of its wits.

It behaved in just that way in 1812 when there was really some danger. Yet what did it amount to? Not a raid; yet they refused to furnish their quota for fear something would happen. This time the quota will be furnished, but in raw recruits; the National guard stays at home. * * * Do they imagine that there will be an invasion? The Southern coast is much more exposed and more defenceless, yet we never hear a word from them about fear of attack. They send on the best men they have, promptly. The contrast is not to the advantage of the East."

What a difference it would make if the contributions of Southern thought in the fields of statesmanship, of science and invention, and the achievements of Southern enterprise and action were stricken from the pages of American history!

[From *The New York Tribune*, June 16, 1898.]

AMERICAN DEEDS OF DARING.

THE CONFEDERATES GLASSELL AND DIXON COMPARED
WITH CUSHING AND HOBSON.

To The Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: It is a mistake to suppose that Lieutenant Cushing's attack on the *Albemarle* is the only deed in American naval annals worthy of comparison with Lieutenant Hobson's daring action at Santiago.

The year before Cushing's attack on the *Albemarle*, Commander W. T. Glassell, of the Confederate States navy, made a similar attack on the *New Ironsides*, of the blockading fleet off Charleston harbor. Cushing's attack was made in a steam launch, equipped with a torpedo and a brass howitzer. His crew consisted of thirteen officers and men, most of whom were captured, but he escaped.

Glassell's attack was made in a steam launch, equipped with a torpedo and manned by himself, an engineer, a pilot and a fireman. Not as fortunate as Cushing, his approach was discovered, and he was hailed by the lookout, but he steered straight on for the *Ironsides* till he struck her. A terrific fire was at once opened on him, his little boat was covered with the immense volume of water thrown up by the

explosion, and its engine was made unmanageable by falling timber, and there was nothing left for him but to swim for life and liberty. He did not escape, and his daring act was not as completely successful as it might have been had his approach not been discovered as soon as it was.

The Ironsides escaped destruction by the narrowest margin, being made useless for a long time by the terrible and well-nigh fatal blow she had received. She was doubtless a stronger, more powerful ship than the Confederacy, with its limited resources, had been able to make of the Albemarle, and was the pride of the blockading fleet, which, at the time of Glassell's attack, numbered thirteen large ships and ironclads, with more than a score of other vessels.

It was against the monarch of that powerful fleet that Glassell and his three comrades drove their little boat on the night of October 5, 1863. Shall not their names go on the scroll of fame along with Hobson's and Cushing's?

And then let not those who are recounting patriotic deeds of devoted daring forget the story of the submarine boat—the only one of its character that won a record during the war between the States—constructed by the Confederates for the purpose of attacking and destroying the ships of the Federal fleet then blockading the Southern harbor. Her crew consisted of nine men. Three trials made with her resulted in the death of twenty-three men who had undertaken the desperate work for which she was

designed. Then Lieutenant ^{G.W.} Dixon, of the Confederate States navy, with a fourth crew, stepped into the places made vacant by the death of those who had preceded them, and the boat sailed out of the harbor, attacked and sunk the Housatonic, and disappeared forever with her crew, every man of which was a volunteer, as was every one of those who had gone to death before them in that little boat.

Now, while the world is ringing with praise of the gallant young Alabamian and the comrades he led in his glorious exploit under the Stars and Stripes, will the New York *Tribune* admit to its columns this brief recital of heroism under the Stars and Bars?

He got out alive, & died
in Auburn, Ala., 1900.

WORDS OF WINTHROP AND CALHOUN.

The case of the South against the Encyclopedia Britannica and all others of her maligners might safely be rested on the statement of facts made in the foregoing pages, but I wish to add to them some words of two of America's wisest and purest statesmen and patriots,—one from the North, one from the South. In the encyclopedia published by the Werner Company, of Chicago, which has been widely advertised in the newspapers as a fac-simile of the Britannica, (but which is not the fac-simile it is advertised to be), and is now in many Southern homes, the people of the South are represented as having degenerated, and fallen far behind the people of the North in civilization, in moral sense, and in the spirit of enterprise; and as being always on the aggressive and always in the wrong in the differences with the North. (Vol. 23, pp. 771 & 775, par. 240 & 256.) The statements thus made in that encyclopedia come of course from a Northern source, and in reply to it I introduce here another statement from another and a far higher Northern source.

In a speech in Boston, in 1860, on the presidential election of that year, the Hon. Robert C. Winthrop,¹ of Massachusetts, said:

1. Representative in Congress, Speaker of the House, United States Senator, and for thirty years President of the Massachusetts Historical Society.

“National harmony can never be restored by the triumph of either of the extreme parties, whether of the North or of the South. Certainly, it cannot be restored by the triumph of a party which has wholly refused to recognize the Southern States in the selection of their candidates, and which does not pretend to rely upon or to anticipate a single electoral vote from any one of those States. Certainly it cannot be restored by the triumph of a party, at least one of whose candidates is so identified with those who would award the holiest crown of martyrdom to the very instigator and organizer of insurrection and treason, and so many of whose organs and orators are daily denouncing the South as a land of barbarism, and daily exulting in the proclamation of an irreconcilable and irrepressible conflict between the slave States and the free States. It would be madness to expect from such a triumph anything but renewed agitation, renewed irritation, renewed outbreaks of fanaticism at one end of the Union and fury at the other, which no patriot and no Christian can contemplate without a shudder. * * * I rejoice that I am here in season to give a vote which shall virtually and practically say, “That man of blood, and treason, and massacre,¹ was not right. The men of the South are not barbarians, to be reviled and defied, but our brethren, with whom we delight to dwell, and mean to dwell, in unity. And there is no conflict between the free States and the slave States which moderation, and

1. John Brown.

reason, and justice, and patriotism cannot repress, and ought not to repress, at once and forever.' ”

Such were the words of one of the purest and wisest statesmen and patriots this country ever had,—one whose counsels, like the counsels of that other great man, Daniel Webster, were ever on the side of “moderation, and reason, and justice, and patriotism.” Had they been heeded, how different from what it was would this country’s past have been, how different all its future from what it will be. Had they been heeded, the history of the five years following 1860 would not have been written in blood, and the Union and Republic of the fathers of 1776 would still be in existence. But the North turned its back, in coarse, fanatical revilings, upon Webster and upon Winthrop—the statesmen and patriots, to follow in the wake of men who preached “blood, and treason, and massacre,” and the Union and Republic established by the Revolutionary patriots ceased to exist.

In further reply to that encyclopedia’s defamatory statements about the South I quote her own great statesman, John C. Calhoun, in the following words:

“When did the South ever place her hand on the North? When did she ever interfere with her peculiar institutions? When did she ever aim a blow at her peace and security? When did she ever demand more than naked, sheer justice of the Union? Never! never! And can we reverse these questions and have the same response from the North?” * * * “The

Southern people are not degenerated. They have kept up with their brethren in other sections where slavery does not exist. It is odious to make comparisons, but I appeal to all States whether the South is not equal in virtue, intelligence, patriotism, courage, disinterestedness, and all the higher qualities which adorn our nature."

The truths of history told in these pages affirm Mr. Calhoun's emphatic denial as to the charge of wanton aggressiveness made against the South, and very clearly indicate the answer to his earnest appeal. I think that no reader of these truths can be at a loss to decide whether "the higher qualities which adorn our nature" have found better illustration in the Northern or the Southern type of civilization, as exemplified by the most conspicuously and widely accredited representatives of each, in civil or military life, as well as by the peoples, at large, of the two sections.

AN ADDRESS

BEFORE THE HISTORICAL COMMITTEE OF THE UNITED CONFEDERATE VETERANS, AT BIRMINGHAM,
ALA., APRIL 24, 1894.

[This address was published in the New Orleans *Times-Democrat*, and in part in the Richmond (Va.) *Dispatch* and the Baltimore *Sun*.]

Gentlemen of the Historical Committee:

There is now being extensively circulated in the South a book which contains these statements:

“The moral sense of the Southern people and their spirit of enterprise had been blighted by the curse of slavery. Labor was held to be degrading, and those who carried on the few branches of industry were considered an inferior caste.”

“The South (in 1856) demanded a renewal of the African slave trade, and the nefarious practice was opened on an extensive scale, with but little attempt at concealment. During 1857 twenty-two vessels engaged in this business were captured by the British fleet watching the African coast, and every vessel but one of these was American.”

“In the Senate chamber Charles Sumner had been stricken to the floor with a bludgeon and nearly murdered by Brooks, in the presence of several Southern

Senators, for daring to criticise the unjust and one-sided proceedings of the border ruffians in Kansas.”

“Since the Revolutionary days the few thinkers of America born south of Mason and Dixon’s line are outnumbered by those belonging to the single State of Massachusetts, nor is it too much to say that mainly by their connection with the North the Carolinas have been saved from sinking to the level of Mexico or the Antilles.”

These are a few specimen statements from the pages of an edition of the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, in part, (published by the Werner Company, of Chicago) now being sold to the Southern people (especially in the State of Texas, where I have recently been), and the most unpleasant—the most regrettable feature of the business is that the sale is being effected through the instrumentality of Southern newspapers, which, in their own names, are commending that book as being absolutely reliable authority on all subjects, and are urging Southern parents to buy it for their children.

Now, when the parents, thus urged, buy the book; and their children, thus assured by their home papers of its absolute reliability, go to it for information as to the history of their country and find these statements, will not the inevitable final effect of such teaching be to make them ashamed of their lineage? Their home paper tells them that the book is the absolute, final authority on all subjects, and on the strength

of that recommendation the book is bought for them. They must believe the book or disbelieve the paper.

How are those children, when they read in that book about the blighting of the spirit of enterprise in the South, how are they to know the fact that the magnificence of the American Union is due to the spirit and enterprise and the martial daring of Southern men? How are they to know the falseness of the statement that the South's moral sense was blighted? When they read the statement about the slave trade, how are they to know the fact that every one of the American vessels referred to as being engaged in that trade was built in a Northern port and armed and manned by Northern men, and that the negroes with which they were filled on the African coast were carried chiefly to Brazil and other foreign countries? How are they to know the fact that from August, 1842, to the winter of 1858, there was but one importation of slaves into the Southern States, and that the vessel which brought that cargo was made by Northern hands with Northern wood, fitted out in one Northern port, and cleared from another Northern port; that the captain was a Northern man who was afterward an officer in the Northern army in the late war, and that all but one of the men who went with him to Africa on the slave hunt were Northern men? How are they to know the fact that the Constitution of the United States, made by both Northern and Southern men, did not prohibit the slave trade, while the Constitution of the Confederate States, made

by Southern men only, did positively and unconditionally prohibit that trade? How are they to know the fact that in the convention that framed the Constitution of the United States more Northern States voted in favor of the slave trade than Southern States? How are they to know that one of the reasons given in the Declaration of Independence for the dissolving of the political bands that connected the colonies with Great Britain was the fact that the King of Great Britain had incited insurrection among the slaves in the colonies, and yet that the people of the North afterwards systematically engaged in the inciting of insurrection among the slaves in the South, and that when one of the Northern emissaries thus engaged was caught in the act, tried and convicted, and hung according to law, he was glorified and canonized in the North, where it was said that he had made the gallows as glorious as the cross? How are they to know that far the greatest horrors attending African slavery were the horrors of "the middle passage," the horrors perpetrated by Northern men in the vessels in which they packed the negroes in bringing them across the ocean from Africa? How are the children who are told by this book that their ancestors were civilized by the Northern people—how are they to know the fact that those ancestors, through that very institution called slavery, as it existed in the South, did more for civilization than was ever done in the same length of time by any other people who ever lived in all the tide of time? For they gave

civilization and Christianity to a race of savages and cannibals.

When a Southern youth reads in this book the statement that the first sentence of the Constitution of the United States "is not a preamble in any sense, but is the enacting clause, an integral part of the Constitution, stating that it was the people of the whole United States who established it;" how is he to know the falseness and utter absurdity of the statement? How is he to know why that preamble was worded just as it is? Upon correct information upon that point depends the correct comprehension of the nature of the government formed by the Constitution, but neither that information nor information of any of the other facts I have named is to be gained from the Encyclopedia Britannica.

What sort of an idea of the South's greatest statesman will be formed in the mind of the youth who reads, in the book that he is taught to look upon as "absolute authority," the statement that "Calhoun never ceased his plotting?" What visions of dark and traitorous machinations are presented to the mind in these words! How different they are from the words spoken of that great man by his great political opponent, Daniel Webster, who said, "There was nothing groveling, or low, or meanly selfish that came near the head or the heart of Mr. Calhoun."

And when a Southern youth reads in this "absolutely reliable" book that a Southern Congressman attacked with a bludgeon and nearly murdered a North-

ern Senator, in the Senate Chamber, simply because that Senator had "dared to criticise the unjust and one-sided proceedings of border ruffians in Kansas," how is he to know that this is a total distortion of the facts, or escape being forced to the conclusion that he is indeed descended from a breed of ruffians?

It was one of the quotations I have given from this encyclopedia that was cited by Mr. Thomas Nelson Page in an address at Roanoke, Va., nearly two years ago, as the most impressive proof of the need for the South to awake and be doing in the matter of having herself truthfully represented in history. It is indeed time for the survivors of the generation that is passing away to be looking to the books from whose pages their children are taught. It is indeed time for them to be encouraging with all their might the writing and the circulation of books that represent them truthfully, if they wish to be respected by the generation coming after.

Surely, the publishers of the Southern newspapers to which I have referred would not, for the sake of a few paltry dollars, knowingly enlist those papers in the work of circulating a book that slanders and villifies the South. Surely, when they are made aware of the fact that they are engaged in circulating such a book, they will not permit themselves longer to be used for such a purpose.

Our Northern neighbors know the power of books. They know that Voltaire said truly when he said that all the world, except savage nations, is governed by

books. Hence, as they sent army after army from their inexhaustible human hives to overcome the South on the battle-field, so they are now sending book after book from their multitudinous presses to overcome her in the mental arena—to educate her children to believe that they are the children of parents whose moral sense was blighted and who to-day would be in a condition of semi-barbarism but for the civilizing influence of the North.

Shall we be mentally subjugated? Shall the Northern idea become the Southern idea? Shall they triumph in the intellectual as well as in the physical forum? If yea, complete, indeed, would then be their triumph; complete, indeed, would then be our overthrow, our humiliation, our degradation. The South yielded in the contest with the sword, but not until after a struggle against overwhelming odds that excited the wonder and admiration of the world. Shall we now, without a struggle worthy of the name, surrender that mightier weapon, the pen? To answer this momentous question, or rather, to avert such a catastrophe, is, as I understand it, one of the objects of this organization of Confederate veterans. They, the fast-fading remnant of that army which for four long years filled the world with the fame of its heroic deeds, and which surrendered not until it was annihilated—they, who are proud to be numbered among those who followed that glorious chieftain whose sword was sheathed and whose heart was broken at Appomattox—they are here, as I understand it, to urge their

fellow-countrymen to see to it that there shall be no Appomattox for the Southern pen, and no instruction of Southern youth as to the history of this country from sources which tell them that they are the descendants of ancestors bereft of moral sense and all spirit of enterprise; ancestors who held labor to be degrading, who were ruffians, conspirators and traitors, and who were saved from barbarism mainly by the civilizing influence exerted upon them by the people of the North.

Gentlemen, is it true, as has been alleged, that there has been a decadence in the spirit of our people, that there is a less strong feeling of the sanctity of both public and private obligations, a less firm devotion to principle as principle than there used to be? That the corner-lot principle, the wild booming of towns and hastening to be rich is destroying the true spirit of our race? Is it to this corner-lot principle that we must attribute the wild booming by Southern papers of a book that traduces the fathers from whose loins we sprung and the mothers who gave us birth? In the words of one of the truest sons of the South, I ask—“Are the Southern people prepared, are they preparing to surrender their past? To surrender the ‘Old South’ as it stands in the truth of history, and to accept a new South that shall deny, or adulterate, or mutilate it?”

Mr. Chairman, of that “Old South” I am not competent, from personal knowledge, to speak in fitting terms. It was given to me to have but one brief

glimpse of it before it passed away forever, like the enchanting vision of childhood's joyous dream. But there came, erstwhile, to the city of Atlanta, one who knew that Old South well, because he was part and parcel of it; one who, though on his head there rests a crown as white as Hecla's snow, bears yet within his soul the fires of patriotism that glow like Hecla's flame, and whose tongue is attuned to notes of surpassing eloquence.¹ He came from his home in that other Georgian city—the beautiful “Forest City”—to tell the young men of Atlanta of that Old South which, he said, though it is so much misunderstood, so greatly maligned, so much belied, must forever remain, for those who knew it best, the golden age of American history; and I accept, with all my heart, his testimony that “the stern glory of Sparta, the rich beauty of Athens, the splendors of imperial Rome, the brilliancy of ancient Carthage, all pale before the glories of the Old South, the sunny South of our forefathers, of Washington, of Jefferson, of Madison, and last, but not least, of Lee”; and his avowal that, let the truth of history prevail, and each youth who first sees the light in this sunny clime will, wherever his wanderings may have carried him, proudly exclaim: “Thank God, I belong to the blood and lineage of the South!”

1. Gen. Henry R. Jackson.

[From *The Times-Democrat* (New Orleans), July 2, 1895.]

THE "ENCYCLOPEDIA BRITANNICA"

"AS PUBLISHED BY THE WERNER COMPANY, OF CHICAGO."
CONFEDERATE VETERANS DENOUNCE IT AND REFUSE
TO ALLOW IT TO REMAIN IN THEIR HALL.

Last night at the Memorial Hall the Cavalry Association Camp No. 9 held a regular monthly meeting, with President G. H. Tichenor in the chair. In the absence of the secretary, Mr. Charles H. Bailey acted.

The meeting was opened with prayer by Chaplain Purser. * * * * * The following report upon the Encyclopedia Britannica was adopted:

To the President and Members of Camp No. 9, U. C.
V. Cavalry Association:

Comrades—Your committee appointed to investigate the charges against the Peale reprint of the Encyclopedia Britannica, published by the Werner Company, of Chicago, beg leave to report:

1. That the chief object of the United Confederate Veteran Association, and of all Confederate associations since 1865, is to gather together and preserve the material for a true and fair history of the Southern States, and their soldiers, statesmen and people, and especially of the causes of the civil war of 1861-1865, and the conduct of that war; and to denounce

all books and publications which traduce the Southern States, and belie or belittle their achievements, and which are unfair and unjust to the people.

We have personally examined the R. S. Peale reprint of the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, published and sold by the "Werner Company," of Chicago. It is not a fac simile of the ninth edition of the *Encyclopedia Britannica* of Edinburgh and revised to date. The Edinburgh edition (the ninth) was unfair and unjust to the South, and the writers and editors were ignorant of the facts of history and of the lives, writings and character of Southern soldiers, statesmen, poets, novelists and historians. They apparently thought that the whole of the intellectual, moral and patriotic life of the United States had its centre in New England, and was somewhat diffused through the North. But the editors of the R. S. Peale reprint, published and sold by the Werner Company, of Chicago, in having a number of articles rewritten—notably the one on the United States—have been much more offensive to the South than was the original Edinburgh edition. The publishers have been extensively advertising and selling in the South what they claim to be a specially revised edition, in which justice is done to the South. We find that a few of the most offensive paragraphs have been cut out and substitute pages pasted in the volumes sold in the South, a copy of which pasted volume is in Memorial Hall, and for which the Cavalry Association, without

examination, and on the representation of the agent of the Werner Company, passed a vote of thanks.

Simply as samples of the tone of this work, as sold in the North, shown by copies of the same and later date than those sold here, unfair and unjust to the South, we submit a few extracts:

(Here followed a number of passages from the work showing its unfair and slanderous character.)

The Dick Dowling Camp, in June, 1894, passed the following resolutions, and after a careful examination of the Peale reprint we concur:

“Headquarters Dick Dowling Camp, No. 197,
“United Confederate Veterans,
“HOUSTON, TEX., July 1, 1894.

“Comrades—At a recent meeting of the Dick Dowling Camp of United Confederate Veterans, of this city, the following resolutions were unanimously adopted:

“Whereas, the members of the Dick Dowling Camp of the United Confederate Veterans, here assembled, do most heartily subscribe to the words of our great captain, Robert E. Lee, that ‘every one should do all in his power to collect and disseminate the truth (as to the war between the States) in the hope that it may find a place in history and descend to posterity.’

“And whereas, one of the objects of the organization of the body known as the United Confederate Veterans was to see to it, so far as in their power lay, that those words shall be faithfully carried out,

to the end that history shall transmit to posterity a truthful representation of the South and a true account of the war between the States, such an account as shall show that the South, to quote again the words of Lee, 'had no other object than the defense of those principles of American liberty upon which the Constitutions of the several States were originally founded;'

'And whereas, a Northern publishing firm, styled the Werner Company, of Chicago, is now circulating an edition of the R. S. Peale reprint of the Encyclopedia Britannica that falsifies history by stigmatizing the people of the South as being a people deficient in civilization and moral sense, and untrue to their obligations under the Constitution, by charging them with having brought on the war in violation of those principles, the defense of which the illustrious Lee declared was his and the South's only object; therefore

'Resolved, That we hereby condemn as utterly false, slanderous and misleading the statements of the encyclopedia alluded to, which show unmistakable evidence of having been inspired by a combination of malice and ignorance, and we would impress upon all who want the truth concerning American history the necessity of seeking it elsewhere than in the pages of that encyclopedia. Especially do we urge Southern parents not to point their children to it for that truth.

'Resolved further, That the camps throughout the South be requested to take proper action in this matter, and the Southern press generally be requested

to lend its aid in suppressing falsehood and disseminating the truth, either by publishing the foregoing, or in such other way as will most effectively accomplish the desired end.”

The historical committee, of which that distinguished soldier and educator, Lieut. Gen. Stephen D. Lee, is chairman, reported adversely to the integrity, accuracy and good faith of the Southern revision of the Peale reprint of the Werner Company's cyclopedia, and the report was adopted by the United Confederate Veterans at Houston. We indorse and approve this action. Gen. Stephen D. Lee and his committee deserve the thanks of all Southern men for their disinterested labors in this behalf. We therefore recommend the following resolutions:

“Resolved by Camp No. 9, U. C. V. Cavalry Association, That the report of its committee on the Peale reprint of the Encyclopedia Britannica, published by the Werner Company, and especially as to its special Southern pasted edition, be approved and adopted as the sense of this Association.

“Resolved, That we rescind and withdraw our resolution of thanks for the copy of that encyclopedia presented to the camps in New Orleans, and deposited in Memorial Hall.

“Resolved, That copies of this report and these resolutions be furnished to the press and to the other camps of the U. C. V. in New Orleans, and they be

requested to unite with us in returning the volumes of that encyclopedia in Memorial Hall to the donors.”

J. A. HARRAL,
JOHN S. MOORE,
B. R. FORMAN, *Sr.*
D. I. PURSER,
H. W. SPEAR,
W. H. WRIGHT,
T. W. CASTLEMAN.

[From *The Times-Democrat* (New Orleans), July 10, 1895.]

AN INTERESTING SPEECH

BY JUDGE MONROE, OF THE LOUISIANA SUPREME COURT.

Last night at the Memorial Hall a very interesting meeting of the Army of Tennessee was held. * *

Under the head of new business Judge Monroe offered a set of resolutions denouncing the "Encyclopedia Britannica," a set of which was presented to the camp. At the time the books were given the Association accepted them and tendered the donor a vote of thanks before investigating them. Since receiving them, however, it has become known that there were several passages slanderous to the South, and after investigating them thoroughly Judge Monroe said that he would offer a resolution, which he thought should be adopted, returning the books to the donor. He said that he thought it would be better to wait until next meeting, so that more members would be present when action on so important a matter would be taken.

On motion it was decided that the historical committee be instructed to investigate the books, and to report at the next meeting, when no doubt the resolutions offered by Judge Monroe will be adopted.

Judge Monroe made a very interesting speech, in

which he pointed out the errors made by this book, and showed why the people of the South should not encourage the publication.

[From *The Picayune* (New Orleans), August 14, 1895.]

A FORCIBLE AND ELOQUENT PAPER.

THE BIVOUAC OF THE DEAD MUST BE GUARDED BY THE
LIVING AND THEIR MEMORY SHIELDED FROM UN-
JUST ASPERSION.

There was an interesting meeting of the Army of Tennessee last night, Colonel W. E. Huger presiding and Secretary Nicholas Cuny in charge of the documents. * * * * *

There was considerable interest taken in the reading of the report of the historical committee. This was with reference to publications that have appeared and which were condemned by a resolution of Judge Monroe. The committee recommended that the resolution offered by Comrade Monroe be adopted. Following is the resolution, which met the unanimous approval of the attendance:

Whereas, at a meeting of this association, held upon the 9th day of April, 1895, a publication known as the "Peale" reprint of the Encyclopedia Britannica, published by the Werner Company, of Chicago, was tendered as a gift to the Confederate associations holding their meetings in this hall; and

Whereas, this association was included among those referred to in said tender, and concurred in receiv-

ing the books offered, and in returning thanks therefor; and

Whereas, said action was taken by this association without previous examination of the books so tendered and received, and without adequate knowledge of their contents; and

Whereas, said publication is intended to be used for purposes of daily reference and instruction throughout the civilized world, and will, doubtless, serve as a source from which many persons not otherwise familiar with the history of the United States and with the political and social conditions existing in said States, will seek information; and

Whereas, the obligation of the writers contributing to said publication, and of the publishers thereof, with respect to the truthfulness, accuracy and impartiality of the matter therein contained, and especially with respect to such matter, historical, political and ethical, as deals with the motives, actions and character of a people who rank among the most enlightened of the age, is at least commensurate with the potentiality of said publication for the dissemination of error and prejudice; and

Whereas, said obligation has not been discharged insofar as the matter contained in said publication deals with the relations existing, and which have heretofore existed, between the Southern States, and between the people of the South, and the other States and people of the American Union, but, on the contrary, has been distinctly disregarded, inasmuch as

said matter is based largely upon absolute untruth with respect to prominent and important facts of American history, and is stained and colored by perversion and prejudice, to the detriment and injury of the people of the South, as a moral, religious, enlightened and Constitution-loving people; and to the prejudice of the soldiers of the South with respect to the motives which led them to participate in the great civil war which desolated their homes; and

Whereas, it is one of the purposes of this association to guard the bivouac of the dead, and to shield the memory of those who can no longer protect themselves from unjust aspersions as to their motives in laying down their lives upon their native soil; and it is also the purpose of this association to encourage the dissemination of truth, rather than falsehood, with respect to the position of the people of the South, before, during and since the late war, in order that our children, at least, and future historians, may do that justice which fanaticism and sectionalism has denied; and

Whereas, it is inconsistent with these purposes for us, after being informed of the contents, to accept as a gift and return thanks for the Encyclopedia Britannica, as published by the Werner Company, of Chicago; therefore,

Be it resolved, by Camp No. 2, United Confederate Veterans, Association of the Army of Tennessee, That the resolution heretofore adopted accepting said En-

cyclopedia Britannica as a gift, and returning thanks therefor, be and the same is hereby rescinded.

Be it further resolved, That the secretary be instructed to notify the donors that, insofar as this association is concerned, said publication awaits their pleasure.

Be it further resolved, That we unite with Camp No. 9, U. C. V. Cavalry Association, in inviting other camps interested to take similar action.

After adoption, Comrade Chas. Santana offered the following in connection with the preceding resolution, and it was adopted by a full rising vote:

Resolved, That the Association of the Army of Tennessee, Louisiana Division, United Confederate Veterans, take this occasion to express their sense of the great service rendered to the people of the South and to the cause of the truth of history by the painstaking, conscientious, patriotic manner in which General Stephen D. Lee and his associates on the United Confederate Veterans' historical committee performed the important duty with which they were charged in the preparation of the report submitted by them to the late convention at Houston. The report especially warned our people against the dissemination of books that traduce the South and malign the character of her illustrious leaders, and named the so-called R. S. Peale reprint of the Encyclopedia Britannica (now published by the Werner Company, of Chicago) as a flagrant example of that kind of literature. The committee's utterance on this subject was timely and

much needed, and it will doubtless do more than any other utterance since the war towards checking the dissemination of such literature and securing fair treatment of the South—a fair statement of the facts of history—in future editions of encyclopedias. A fair statement, a true statement, with nothing extenuated nor aught set down in malice, is all the South asks; all she needs to stand acquitted before the judgment bar of history of the charges against her civilization and her patriotism, and we would urge that the Southern press, as well as our comrade camps throughout the South, actively and earnestly co-operate with our historical committee in preventing the dissemination of books that make those charges.

A STRIKING CONTRAST.

The following quotations are taken from *The International Cyclopedia* (published by Dodd, Mead & Co., New York), and inserted here to show the difference between history as written in a fair, impartial, unprejudiced, enlightened spirit; and so-called history, written in exactly the contrary spirit—such as is displayed by the so-called *Encyclopedia Britannica*. The contrast is striking, and greatly to the credit of the *International*. Treating of the crisis of 1860-'61, that cyclopedia says:

“President Buchanan’s administration witnessed the culmination of the conflict that had for years been waged between the free and the slave States in the political arena. The elements of disorder, of dissension, of enmity, and of hate, that seemed seething in the mind of the extremists of both sections, were now concentrated in the prelude to a still greater and more tremendous conflict. It was during this administration that the leaders of the South appear to have definitely decided that the welfare of their section could not be satisfactorily conserved while the Southern States remained a part of the Federal Union. It must be remembered that ever since the foundation of the government, the statesmen of the South had consistently maintained that theory of the Federal

Constitution which regarded the ultimate sovereignty as resting not in the nation as a whole, but rather in the individual States themselves, which this theory held to be supreme and independent commonwealths. According to the view prevalent at the South, these sovereign States had entered into a league of union with the other States for purposes of mutual advantage; and this partnership, like others, was to endure only so long as its original purpose was maintained with regard to all the States. Events seemed now to indicate that the time for the dissolution of the compact had arrived. In the first place, the balance of political power was passing rapidly into the hands of a party inimical to the interests of the South, a party pledged to the ultimate abolition of slavery, and to a commercial system of protection which was peculiarly unfavorable to an agricultural community such as the South then was. Regarding slavery, it is unfair to represent the South as, in the abstract, devoted to a servile system. The greatest statesmen of that section had always deplored the presence of the slaves as an economic and social injury; yet, inasmuch as slavery actually existed, the question was a practical one rather than a matter of speculative interest. Unmolested and unsupported by the foreign slave-trade it is likely that the gradual extinction of slavery would have been brought about through natural causes. But at this time the ill-judged zeal of Northern extremists had begun a crusade which, conducted with extreme bitterness and violence of denun-

ciation, produced a most unfortunate effect. The sensitive and high-spirited people of the South heard with amazement the most indiscriminate abuse heaped upon them, because there existed among them an institution originally planted there largely through the instrumentality of the New England slave dealers and Northern traders. They heard the purest and most kindly of their leaders attacked in language that would have been harsh if applied to branded criminals. It is not remarkable, therefore, that this ill-judged vituperation led them to sink all their minor differences of opinion and united them in defiant resistance to such wholesale onslaught. Men who believed thoroughly in the abstract wrongfulness of slavery, indignantly rushed to its defense when the attack upon it took the form of an attack upon everything that the South revered. The Constitution itself distinctly recognized the existence of slavery, and the propaganda of the Abolition party began to be accompanied by open denunciations of that instrument of government. It therefore appeared to the South that political peace with the Northern States was likely to be best attained by separation.”

On the subject of slavery, *The International* further says: “At the period of the organization of the National government the feeling of distaste for the institution of domestic slavery was strong in the Southern States themselves, and prevailed throughout the Union, though certain ship-owners of Boston and

other parts of New England found it to their interest to foster a state of things which was to them greatly remunerative. They supplied the slave-ships which transported the Africans from the points of departure on the west coast of Africa, and grew rich in the traffic. * * * The Southern States had from the beginning found slaves more profitable to them than they could have ever possibly been in the North, and this fact alone had been sufficient to occasion the gradual centralization of the institution within the boundaries of those States."

Of the antagonism that grew up between the sections, it says: "The old antagonism between puritan and cavalier; between manufacturing and commercial interests; between a Northern and a Southern people, was now laid upon the shoulders of the institution of slavery."

The statements in the foregoing extracts will meet with the approval of fair-minded, truth-loving readers, and might well serve as models for all cyclopedia writers.

[Reprinted from the New Orleans *Times-Democrat*.]

GREG'S HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES.

I have read the recent editorials in *The Times-Democrat* relative to obtaining "a history of the United States that will do justice to the Southern States," in one of which editorials it is truly said: "The most important parts of such history will, of course, be those giving the causes which led up to the late civil war, the war itself, and events occurring since then." *The Times-Democrat* declares that it does not expect a history that will contain no defects nor imperfections—that will be exact beyond all criticism (for it believes the making of such a book to be impossible), but it urges the necessity of a history to go forth to meet the many sectional and partisan books issued from the North, which are crystalizing public opinion, and would have, not "a lifeless, dry and statistical history, but one that will be interesting, one that will be read; one that will tend to check the false stories which are being sent out in so many Northern books; one that will tell the world the truth in such a way as to interest and convince."

I have read also the ably written article of "S. R." on the same subject, in *The Times-Democrat* of the 12th instant, in which it is correctly stated that the misconception has obtained, not only in European

countries, but through the Northwest and the East, that the struggle on the part of the South was inaugurated to maintain her system of slavery. "S. R." says truly that slavery was but a side issue in the divergence of political views and creeds which caused the attempt made to withdraw from the Union, and strongly emphasizes the need of a history "showing plainly and with a broad fearlessness what were the great issues which gradually grew upon the American people and forced the culmination of the war between the sections."

I desire to bring to the notice of the people of New Orleans, of Louisiana, and of the South generally, a history that, more than any other yet published, meets the need above stated.

More powerfully than anything else that has yet been penned does this history "meet the many sectional and partisan books issued from the North," which have so long been "crystalizing public opinion." More plainly and with a "broader fearlessness" than any other publication yet given to the world does it show "what were the great issues which gradually grew upon the American people and forced the culmination of the war between the sections." More triumphantly than any other history yet written does it vindicate the righteousness of the cause for which Lee and Beauregard fought, for which Sidney Johnston and Stonewall Jackson died, and for which Jefferson Davis wore iron manacles. More splendid, more eloquent, more impressive than is to be found

in any other pages is the tribute it pays to the valor and patriotic devotion of the men who, in that cause, stood firm where banners waved, and followed where those chieftans led, and to the civilization that produced such men. And the fact that this book comes from a wholly non-sectional source—from a writer who is neither of the North nor of the South—from a foreigner 3,000 miles away, with no political nor partisan interests to serve by it—will make it more effective in removing the misconception that has obtained about that cause and in “checking the false stories being sent out in so many Northern books,” than any book of Southern authorship could be, because the latter, however truthful in its statements, would still be weakened by the suspicion, if not the fact, of sectional prejudice on the part of its author.

GREG’S HISTORY OF THE UNITED STATES

was written by Mr. Percy Greg, an Englishman of distinguished literary ability, who visited this country and spent some time in observing and studying its peoples and institutions. It is the scholarly life-work of a man peculiarly fitted for his task, a man uniting the higher qualities of diplomat and soldier, economist and political philosopher—calm in judgment, keen in intellect, graceful in style, logical in form, comprehensive in grasp, lucid and strong in statement, learned in the lore of the past, with sympathies broad enough to embrace the world, and imagination vivid enough to vitalize philosophic thought.

The treatment of his theme embraces what he calls the three central events of American history—the Revolution, the Constitution, and the Civil War. He writes of the Revolution from the standpoint of an Englishman who does not see that all the reason and all the right were on the whig and American side during that period, and all the error and all the wrong on the English side, and he therefore comes into conflict with opinions long since fixed in American minds by the sources from which our earliest information and impressions have been derived. For instance, while he recognizes and pays tribute to the high personal character of Washington and the virtues that entitle him to the praise of mankind, he yet holds that the American commander was not a faultless being, and censures him severely for the hanging of Major Andre and for other acts and measures “which his personal or patriotic passions led him to commit or acquiesce in.” He thinks that Jefferson, “in his dread of strong government,” went so far in the opposite direction as to profess opinions anarchical in their tendency. In these, and in some of Jefferson’s acts—such, for instance, as the “receiving of the British minister in a narrow lobby, in slippers, and in slovenly dress”—he sees what he thinks are the arts of the demagogue (using that word in its commonly accepted sense). We view these things from an opposite standpoint. We see them in a different light. We have been taught to regard the Revolutionary leaders as being too far superior to other mortals to

be influenced by the passions, the faults and failings common to the humanity of our day. It comes upon us in the nature of a shock to read the heretical expressions of this bold and brilliant Englishman concerning men whom we have been accustomed to look upon as the demigods of our race; but, as Gen. Wade Hampton very truly says, "while we may not in all cases concur with the author's conclusions, we cannot fail to admit the force with which he states them and the fairness with which he gives the authorities upon which they are based." On this point Mr. Greg himself says: "Of my comments and deductions the reader must judge. I hope that I have furnished him with sufficient material for an independent judgment, so far as space and scope allowed. I have given, in general, not the authorities on which I have most relied, but those most accessible, and, above all, those which, as the reluctant admissions of hostile witnesses, are finally conclusive."

I would that space permitted me to give here some extracts from that part of the work under consideration which most nearly concerns the people of the South—the part which treats of "the causes which led up to the late war, the war itself, and events occurring since then." To what has already been said on that point let it be sufficient to add that we have in this book not the "lifeless, dry and statistical history" deprecated by *The Times-Democrat*, but one that depicts the story of that war with a dramatic power that stirs the blood, and vindicates the moral

and constitutional rightfulness of our dead and buried cause with argument unanswerable and with a majestic strength that will command for all time to come the admiring attention of mankind.

Greg's History of the United States was first published in England six years ago. The fact that it has not till now been brought to the knowledge and placed within reach of the American people is explained by the statement that a wealthy New Englander bought up all the copies he could get that found their way to this country and withdrew them from circulation, and no Northern house would republish or keep it. But "truth crushed to earth will rise again," and Greg's history, destined to immortality, was rescued from the oblivion in which unfriendly and malignant hands would bury it. Notwithstanding the attempted suppression, Prof. Dabney, professor of history in the University of Virginia, after long and persistent effort, finally succeeded in getting hold of a few copies, and at his instance a Southern house has published an American edition, to which Gen. Wade Hampton has written an introduction.

GEN. HAMPTON SAYS:

"The American publishers of this remarkable work have conferred a benefit upon the reading public of this country by placing it within the reach of all thoughtful students of American history who desire to learn the truth unobscured by sectionalism or par-

tianship. * * * To the Southern people the book is of inestimable value, for it contains not only a vindication of the South, but it bears noble testimony to the devotion, the patriotism and the heroism of its citizens. * * * It is fortunate for us that a disinterested foreign writer of established reputation has come to our rescue, vindicating alike our cause and our conduct, as this work of Greg has done, fully and conclusively. * * * Every true man in the South who followed the starry cross in its brief but glorious career; every one who feels a pride in the achievements of our Southland in the past, or who wishes to see our people vindicated, should read *Greg's History of the United States.*"

Such is the book that, in the fulness of time, has come to us from the land of Shakespeare and Milton—the land of Havelock and Nelson, of Hampden, Pym and Sidney.

Such is the book of which Prof. Dabney, in a letter now before me, says:

"Let us hope that many thousands of copies may soon be distributed through our well-beloved and much-maligned Southland."

Breathes there a son or a daughter of that Southland with soul so dead as not to share this hope? I need not ask if the words of that true and loyal Virginian and Southerner do not strike a responsive chord in the heart of every survivor of those fast

thinning ranks in gray who followed that Conquered Banner, whose fame, in this book's glowing pages, "shall go sounding down the ages."

New Orleans, March 24, 1893.

[Reprinted from the *Magazine of American History*,
June, 1889.]

GEORGIA AND THE CONSTITUTION.

The recent centennial anniversary of the meeting of the first Congress and the inauguration of the first President of the Union under the Constitution fills the thoughtful mind with interesting reflections and reminiscences touching that immortal instrument.

When the men who framed it met in convention in Philadelphia, in May, 1787, one of them—James Wilson, a signer of the Declaration of Independence—said: “When I consider the amazing extent of the country, the immense population which is to fill it, the influence which the government we are to form will have, not only on the present generation of our people and their multiplied posterity, but on the whole globe, I am lost in the magnitude of the object.” “In the closing hours of the convention,” says Mr. Bancroft, “the members were awe-struck at the result of their councils; the Constitution was a nobler work than any one of them believed possible to devise; and Washington, at an early hour in the evening, retired to meditate on the momentous work which had been executed.” Fifty years later De Tocqueville, the French statesman, and the most eminent political writer of the century, said: “This Con-

stitution rests upon a wholly novel theory, which may be considered as a great discovery in modern political science." Lord Brougham declared it to be "the very greatest refinement in social policy to which any state of circumstances has ever given rise, or to which any age has ever given birth;" and a hundred years after its creation, Gladstone, the greatest living statesman of England, said: "The American Constitution is the most wonderful work ever struck off at a given time by the brain and purpose of man."

It is to Georgia's potential agency in giving life to and shaping that Constitution that I would now call attention.

Perhaps the most important and impressive episode in the State's career recalled by the historical retrospect induced by the occasion is the one that is now least generally known; and yet, at the time of its occurrence, it absorbed the attention of the entire Union, for in its issue was involved the preservation of that State sovereignty without which the Union could not have had existence nor been perpetuated. It was in the year 1792, just five years after the formation of the Constitution, and a little more than three years after it went into operation, when Washington was President, and Edward Telfair was Governor of Georgia, that a suit was brought in the United States Supreme Court against the State of Georgia by a citizen of South Carolina named Chisholm, for a sum of money alleged to be due him from the State. The State, through her official agents, the Governor and

Attorney-General, was duly notified of the suit, and served with summons to appear before the court and make answer to the claim against her. Taking the position that a sovereign State, which she claimed to be, could not, by the Federal Constitution, be sued by a citizen of another State, Georgia refused to obey the summons. Whereupon the Attorney-General of the United States, as counsel for the plaintiff, moved that, unless Georgia appeared at the next term of court, judgment should be entered against her by default, and a writ of inquiry of damages awarded. Due notice was given to the State of this motion, the consideration of which, however, was postponed by the court till the next term, that the State might have time to deliberate on the course she would take. Georgia paid no more attention to this notice than she had to the first one. Still standing upon her rights and immunities as a sovereign State, she asserted that the United States government had no judicial power over such a case, and, simply entering a written protest to that effect, without deigning to recognize the jurisdiction of the court even so far as to enter into an argument of the matter, she refused to appear at the next term; and thus was the first great constitutional question brought before the supreme judicial tribunal of the government for decision—the question of a broad construction or a strict construction of the powers conferred upon the government by the States through the Constitution—the question of State sovereignty and State rights—the question upon which

the convention that framed the Constitution would, in all probability, have split irremediably in two *but for the opportune patriotic action of a Georgia delegate in that convention*. That body, as is well known to those familiar with its history, was divided into two parties, the Nationals and the Federals. The Federals were those who were in favor of forming a strictly Federal government, which would preserve unimpaired the rights, equality and separate sovereignty of the States; while the Nationals contended for a government more national than federal—a centralized, consolidated government, in which the idea of States should be almost annihilated. From an incorrect political nomenclature, which has been permitted to take historical root so long that it is not likely ever to be eradicated from the public mind, the Nationals, or Consolidationists, of that convention—Hamilton, Madison, Randolph, Morris, Wilson, and their allies and followers—are commonly said and believed to have been Federalist leaders in it. The very reverse of this is true. They contended most strenuously against the Federal, State-sovereignty idea. They wanted, as was expressly declared by Mr. Randolph, “a *consolidated Union*, in which the idea of States should be nearly annihilated.”

The Federals finally succeeded in having the State-sovereignty principle incorporated in the Constitution, and this secured their adhesion to it. But afterward, when the Supreme Court was organized, and they saw that the judges were nearly all Nationals,

they feared that, under color of its power to construe the Constitution, that court would, by a broad construction of its power, attempt to extinguish the great vital principle of the Union, which they had so hardly saved from annihilation at the hands of the Nationals in the convention. They had not long to wait for proof that their fears were well founded. The court had been in existence but three years when the apprehended attempt was made by commanding the sovereign State of Georgia to appear before it on a level with a private individual, a citizen of another State, and defend herself against a prosecution by that individual. Georgia, as we have seen, refused to obey the command. The command was repeated, and so was the refusal. Then the Supreme Court issued its ultimatum "that unless the State of Georgia shall either in due form appear, or show cause to the contrary in this court, by the first day of next term, judgment by default shall be entered against the said State." The next term came, but Georgia defied the power of the court, and came not with it. The court then rendered judgment against her and awarded a writ of inquiry. By this time there was much excitement in the public mind throughout the Union over the situation. The decision of the court was regarded as a direct attack upon the sovereignty of the States and a breach of the conditions upon which the Union was formed, and it would have certainly ended in the destruction of the government had not Congress at this juncture proposed an amendment to the Consti-

tution, declaring in explicit terms that "the judicial power of the United States shall not be construed to extend to any suit in law or equity commenced or prosecuted against one of the United States by citizens of another State, or by citizens or subjects of any foreign State." The amendment was speedily adopted, and the Supreme Court then unanimously decided that the case against Georgia could be no further prosecuted, and it was swept at once from the records of the court. Such is the history of the way in which the eleventh amendment came to be adopted.

The Supreme Court at that time was presided over by John Jay, of New York, chief justice; with William Cushing, of Massachusetts; James Wilson, of Pennsylvania; John Blair, of Virginia; James Iredell, of North Carolina; and Thomas Johnson, of Maryland, associate justices. Jay, Wilson and Iredell were unquestionably the ablest of the number, and of these three, Jay, on account of his longer public career and the exalted positions he had held, was the most distinguished, and Wilson the most erudite. Of Iredell it is enough to say that North Carolina never had a brighter exemplar of that wisdom and integrity, and that simple dignity and modesty so characteristic of the illustrious men of that State. In the great case of which I write he was the only judge who upheld the constitutional right asserted by Georgia, and it is impossible to arise from the reading of his dissenting opinion without being

convinced that, as a constitutional lawyer, he had no equal on the bench. The soundness of that opinion was attested by the subsequent overthrow of the judgment of the court by the eleventh amendment. Chief Justice Jay's opinion in this case was by far the most elaborate ever delivered by him while on the bench. That of Judge Wilson is a striking display of the wide range of his erudition. The momentous nature of the question under consideration was stated by him in the following words: "This is a case of uncommon magnitude. One of the parties to it is a State, certainly respectable, claiming to be sovereign. The question to be determined is, whether this State, so respectable and whose claim soars so high, is amenable to the jurisdiction of the Supreme Court of the United States. This question, important in itself, may depend on others more important still, and may, perhaps, be ultimately resolved into one no less radical than this, 'Do the people of the United States form a nation?' "

Profoundly impressed with a sense of the consequences which he foresaw would flow from the doctrine of his associates on the bench, Judge Iredell, in closing his dissenting opinion, said: "I pray to God that, if this doctrine as to the law be established by the judgment of this court, all the good predicted from it may take place, and none of the evils with which, I have the concern to say, it appears to me to be pregnant." Nothing but the amendment com-

pelled by Georgia's unyielding attitude averted the evils which this great judge so feared.

To the mind of the student of those times one remarkable fact must occur in connection with this decision of the Supreme Court. When the Constitution had been framed, and was submitted to the States for that approval from them which was necessary to put it in operation, it was so strongly opposed in some of the States as to make the required ratification doubtful. The opposition to it was based chiefly on the alleged ground that it made the United States government too strong and left the State governments too weak; that it took from the States the sovereignty which was theirs and ought to remain theirs, and conferred it on the United States, making of the latter a consolidated *national* government, which would, sooner or later, "annihilate" the States, instead of making them that *federal* government which was the avowed object of the convention that framed the Constitution. "It squints towards a monarchy," said Patrick Henry. "The government established by the Constitution will surely end either in monarchy or a tyrannical aristocracy," said Mason, of Virginia.

Alexander Hamilton, James Madison and John Jay, who were leaders of the National party, accepted the Constitution as a compromise between the Nationals and the Federals (State-rights men) of the convention, and they advocated its adoption because, as Mr. Jay said, they thought it "improbable that a better plan could be obtained." To answer the objections,

later, changed his name -

dispel the fears, and win for it the votes of those who thought the States were left too powerless by the proposed plan of government, they wrote in conjunction a series of papers in which they vindicated it from the charge of despoiling the States of their rights or sovereignty. These writings exercised a powerful influence on the public mind. They were published in the newspapers of the day, and subsequently in the form of a book called the *Federalist*, of which Chancellor Kent said: "I know not of any work on the principles of free government that is to be compared in instruction and intrinsic value to this small and unpretending volume." This book was then, and is still, regarded as the ablest contribution to American political science.

One of the specific suggestions urged against the Constitution was that it would, if adopted, place the States in a situation where any one of them might be subjected to prosecution by the citizens of another. To this the *Federalist* replied that the danger intimated was "merely ideal," and that there was "*no colour* to pretend that the State governments would, by the adoption of the Constitution, be divested of the privilege of paying their own debts in their own way, free from every constraint but that which flows from the obligations of good faith." "To what purpose," it added, "would it be to authorize suits against States for the debts they owe? How could recoveries be enforced? It is evident that it could not be done *without waging war against the contracting State;*

and to ascribe to the Federal courts, by mere implication, and in destruction of a pre-existing right of the State governments, a power which would involve such a consequence, would be *altogether forced and unwarrantable.*”

That not more than five years had elapsed, after the penning of these words, when this power *was* assumed by a court presided over by one of the authors of the Federalist, is what, I say, must strike the reader as remarkable.

Those who are familiar with the case, and who have also read the memoirs of the late Associate-Justice Curtis, of the United States Supreme Court, must have been surprised when they read that learned judge's reference to the “very able opinion of Mr. Chief Justice Marshall in the case of Chisholm against Georgia.” It is indeed surprising that Judge Curtis committed such an anachronism in a paper prepared with so much elaborateness and reviewed with so much care as the one in which this reference is made. It was nearly ten years after the case cited before Chief Justice Marshall went upon the Supreme Court bench.

I have said that the federal convention would, in all human probability, have been rent irreparably in twain before the accomplishment of its high mission but for the opportune patriotic action of one of the delegates from Georgia. History shows this to be true. The threatening contest in the convention turned on the rule by which the States should be

represented and vote in the government; the smaller States insisting on the rule of equality in all respects; the larger (or national States), on the rule of proportion to inhabitants. It was during this contest, and in view of the disastrous consequences it foreboded, that Benjamin Franklin made his memorable motion for prayer. Addressing himself to Washington, the president of the convention, he said: "In this situation of the assembly, groping in the dark as it were to find political truth, and scarce able to distinguish it when presented to us, how has it happened, sir, that we have not hitherto once thought of humbly applying to the Father of Light to illuminate our understandings?"

The national States carried their point as to the house of representatives, the smaller States yielding to the proportionate rule, or national principle, as to that branch of Congress; that is, that the votes of each State in that branch should be in proportion to the number of its inhabitants. They yielded that point, hoping that by doing so they would secure a *compromise* that would establish the federal or State-rights principle in the second branch or Senate, allowing each State an equal vote in that branch. "For," said Mr. Ellsworth, the federal leader, "if no compromise should take place, the meeting would be not only vain, but worse than vain." But the Nationals pushed forward for establishing the proportional rule in the Senate also, and to this the Federals declared their inflexible resolve never to consent. This, then

—the rule of representation in the Senate—was the Gordian knot of the convention, the Scylla and the Charybdis against and around the perilous edges of which it dashed and whirled again and again, till it well-nigh went to pieces. The Nationals were persistent, the smaller States were immovable, and the abrupt and speedy ending of all negotiations between them seemed inevitable. “You *must* give each State an equal suffrage, or our business is at an end,” exclaimed Luther Martin, who was a delegate from Maryland. The hour of the convention’s dissolution appeared indeed to be at hand. Martin, speaking of it afterward, said it seemed “scarce held together by the strength of a hair.” On Monday, the 2d of July, five weeks after the meeting of the convention, the decisive moment came, when Mr. Ellsworth moved to establish the rule “that each State be allowed an equal vote in the Senate.” Unless there should be found one national State patriotic and wise enough to be willing to compromise, there would be no Union. A historian of the occasion says: “It was a critical moment in the history of the country. On the change of a single vote the most stupendous issues were suspended.” “On the motion of Ellsworth,” says Mr. Bancroft, “five States voted for equal suffrage in the Senate; five of the six national States answered, ‘no.’ All interest then centred on GEORGIA, the sixth national State, and the last to vote. Baldwin, fearing a disruption of the convention, and convinced of the hopelessness of assembling another

under better auspices, dissented from his colleague, and divided the vote of his State." This led to the compromise which resulted in the formation of the American Constitution and the Union of the States.

There they are together: Baldwin's dissenting vote, and Iredell's dissenting opinion. Let them live, with the Constitution and the Union under it, in the hearts of men through all succeeding ages!¹

1. "Few of the present generation know how much we owe to those two great men, and you have performed a valuable service in teaching to the unlearned a lesson which should never be forgotten."—From a letter to the writer from Jefferson Davis.

[Written for and published in the *Union and Recorder* (Milledgeville, Ga.), April 10, 1883]

ALEXANDER HAMILTON STEPHENS.¹

“Had’st thou but lived, though stripp’d of power,
 A watchman on the lonely tower,
 Thy thrilling trump had roused the land,
 When fraud or danger were at hand.

* * * * *

“But now * * *
 The trumpet’s silver sound is still,
 The warder silent on the hill!”

“His whole life was spent in the practice of virtue, the pursuit of truth, seeking the good of mankind.”—*Robert Toombs*.

On the evening of the third of March, Dr. H. H. Steiner, of Augusta, then in Atlanta, wrote me as follows:

“Our friend, Governor Stephens, is extremely ill. I have never been so anxious about him before. *

* * * * *

“If he can be made to sleep well to-night, he may be better in the morning. I am deeply anxious about him.”

The morning after these lines were written, and before I had received them, as I was on my way to the

1. Died March 4, 1883.

Baptist church in the city of Americus, I heard fall from the lips of a little boy the words—"Governor Stephens is dead."—Speedy and anxious inquiry only too surely proved their truth. Sleep; restful, balmy, life-renewing sleep, which lies with the vile in loathsome beds, and gives its repose to the wet sea-boy in the storm's rude hours, did not come to the statesman who was dying for the want of it, and when that night had passed away he had "another morn than ours."

Five weeks have come and gone since then, and many more must be numbered with the eternal past before the words, "Mr. Stephens is dead," can lose the strangeness of their sound to ears that have so long been used to listening with reverent attention to his voice, or cease to dim the eyes that have so long been cheered by the sunshine of his presence.

A month and more has passed since that sad day, and though I have stood beside the coffin'd clay, and looked upon the lifeless form, and seen it prison'd in the tomb, mid the solemn hush of the mighty, mourning multitude, "yet cannot I by force be led to think upon the wormy bed, and him together," nor realize that his eloquent tongue is forever mute in the cold grave. Cheek to cheek through life he had lain close by the "pallid angel, Pain"; long, long, had his poor frame been stretched upon the rack of this tough world, but in death there was no pain-rack seen, no sign of the life-long, hand-to-hand combat with suffering and disease; but a repose, instead

—an ineffable, wondrous calm, like that which comes to the tired child charmed to sleep by gentlest lullaby in its mother's arms. Often had I seen that face in sleep in life, but never in life had I seen the perfectly serene expression, the "rapture of repose" that rested on it in the sleep of death. There was a "halo hovering round decay" that almost for

"one treacherous hour
Made me doubt the tyrant's power;
So fair, so calm, so softly seal'd,
The first, last look by death reveal'd."

Oh! how I wished, as I gazed upon them, that the shrouded eyes could open and meet my own with the soul-lit glance of old once more; that the fragile fingers could thrill me with their touch again, and the tongue speak the old familiar words of welcome. They were words he ever loved to speak. I have a mental photograph album in which he wrote down answers to a series of questions intended to bring out a correct mental portraiture. One of the questions is—"What are the sweetest words in the world?" His answer is—"The words of greeting to a friend." How the loving heart of the man is shown by this simple answer. No mortal accents sweeter to his ear than the greeting from the friend he loved! And with what delightful ease he entertained all friendly comers. Who that ever met him in the social circle, or at his own beloved Liberty Hall, or in his hospitable rooms in Washington, does not remember the

frankness that spread animation and ease around it, the eye that spoke affability to all, that chased timidity from every bosom, and told every one in the company to be confident and happy?

Before dwelling more particularly upon that social and private life, so attractive to all who came within reach of it, I desire to make some allusion to the remarkable characteristics which made his public life so deserving of the study and admiration of mankind. Dr. H. V. M. Miller, in a speech which showed more of the genuine orator than any other I have heard since Howell Cobb's Bush Arbor speech, truly said that Mr. Stephens's most eminent characteristic was "his majestic wisdom." I have seen a greater scholar, I have seen a man of higher and wider literary culture and a more polished writer, and have heard a more eloquent orator, but I have never known another as wise as Mr. Stephens. It is one thing to be well-informed; it is another to be wise. Many there be who have read many books and hived up innumerable facts in capacious memories, but who have not wisdom.—Many there be of extraordinary talent and exceeding brilliancy of powers, but who have yet not wisdom—the wisdom which Solomon prayed for when he said: "Give me a wise and understanding heart." Somebody has said that for this sort of wisdom two things are required: earnestness and love. The earnestness which looks on life practically, which ponders upon it, trying to understand its mystery, not in order to talk about it like an orator,

nor to theorize about it like a philosopher, but in order to know how to live and how to die; and the love which opens the heart, and makes it generous, and reveals secrets deeper than prudence or political economy teaches; the love which, long ago, found utterance in the words, "It is more blessed to give than to receive."

If Alexander H. Stephens did not possess that earnestness, and that love, then they never found abiding place in the heart of man. They did dwell in his heart, else he had never risen so far above his fellows in the subordination of passion and prejudice to calm, clear reason. Therein was the great difference between him and most other men. Their religious, political and personal prejudices sway them, while he, regarding prejudice as the most formidable obstacle to the advancement of truth, of which he was a most sincere adorer, sternly exorcised its baneful presence from his mind, and walked ever in the way where reason led. Truth was the pole-star of his life; to its ascertainment were all the efforts of his reason directed, its light he followed with unfaltering tread, at its pure shrine he worshiped with a devotion as ardent and unswerving as Gheber's to the sun. His reason—his wisdom—taught him that truth should never yield to error; that principle should never be sacrificed, even momentarily, to policy; and he had the courage which enabled him to face and defy danger and defeat of any sort in maintaining what he believed to be true and right.

“He never sold the truth to serve the hour,
Nor palter’d with Eternal God for power.”

“I believe to-day,” said Dr. Miller, “after a life-long acquaintance with him, that he was the bravest man I ever looked in the face.”

A few days ago I met Mr. W. F. Herring, a well-known Georgian, now living in New York. He told me that, when a boy in Atlanta, he witnessed the attack made on Mr. Stephens by a desperate man of giant frame. He saw the strong man’s knife raised above the throat of his weak and prostrate victim, and heard the hoarse imprecation with which he said, “Retract, or I’ll cut!” Looking his foe in the face, the blood streaming from the wounds he had already received, and the gleaming blade about to descend in a last, fatal blow, the almost dying but undaunted man answered, “Never! Cut!” Mr. Herring says that, to his dying day, he can never forget that exhibition of the most utter fearlessness which he thinks human nature can possibly exhibit.

But it was not alone the sort of bravery witnessed by Mr. Herring that Dr. Miller meant. It was the courage I have just spoken of, which gave him the will and moral strength to say and do what *he* believed to be *right*, regardless of what might be the personal or political consequences to himself. His whole life was an illustration of this rare courage, but I will recall one instance of it which dwells particularly in my memory because I witnessed it, and because it occurred at a time when, in doing what he

did, he had to breast the waves of partisan and sectional fury at their highest.

It was during the congressional session of 1874-'5, when the country was convulsed with the Louisiana troubles, and every other question had given way to the most momentous one of the hour—"What should be done in regard to Louisiana"? Rival bodies were claiming authority over her citizens, business was paralyzed, bloodshed and utter distraction were imminent, and a congressional committee was sent there to devise, if possible, some plan that would restore tranquility to the much disordered commonwealth and revive her perishing commerce. It resulted in the submission to Congress of what was known as the Wheeler compromise, so called for the Hon. William R. Wheeler, who was its author and a Republican. The Democratic members of the committee did not agree to the Wheeler proposition for the settlement of the vexed and irritating question, seeming to prefer rather that it should remain open and unsettled for the time, and when a vote was taken on a motion looking to its adoption, the Democrats generally voted against it. As the roll-call progressed, and neared its end, it was seen that the result might turn upon one vote. This possibility grew into a stronger and stronger probability until, as the name of Stephens was approached, it was almost a certainty. When the name was called, "Aye" came clear and ringing from the brave old statesman in the roller-

chair, and Alexander H. Stephens's vote had assured the passing of the measure.

Members turned with surprise in their seats, the galleries were astonished, and even the reporters were startled and looked as if they thought he had voted "aye" mistakenly. 'Twas a sight they were not accustomed to—that of a man voting at variance with his party associates, and especially a Southern man, at such a fevered time as that. Of course a bitter outcry was at once raised over the vote by the ultra partisan papers and politicians, and the vials of their wrath were emptied on him, but not many months had elapsed before it was seen and generally admitted that the compromise was the wisest and most beneficent plan that could have been adopted for the settlement of the dangerous problem with which the country was then confronted in Louisiana. Had it not been adopted old chaos would have come again to that fair land, and there is no telling what havoc might have been wrought before order could have been restored. I have always thought that vote was one of the bravest acts of Mr. Stephens's public life, as well as one of the wisest. In it he exhibited that combination of wisdom and courage without which there can be made no complete title to the name of statesman. It is within my knowledge that more than one Southern Democratic member thought, as he did, that the adoption of the Wheeler compromise was the best thing that could be done at that time, under the existing circumstances, but they did not have the

courage to face the storm which they knew their votes for it would bring about their heads. So they either voted against it, or "dodged." Mr. Joseph Medill, the very able and distinguished editor of the *Chicago Tribune*, in an editorial on the incident here related, said of Mr. Stephens's action then: "He has been true to the record of his life, and has recorded his vote in behalf of peace and reconciliation in Louisiana, and shown that he is anxious that the profitless, exhausting, and miserable struggle should come to an end. In the ordinary course of nature, he has but a short time to remain an active participant in human events, but that solitary vote for peace will outlive him and stand to his credit in history, after all the miserable partisan passions which it caused have subsided."

The country is still familiar with his course on the famous Potter resolutions; how he again differed with his party associates—was again assailed by blind partisan rancor and reckless and malicious misrepresentation—and how the wisdom of his course was again speedily and completely vindicated. Verily, Dr. Miller spoke the truth when he said that this man, like Samuel of old, "had understanding of the times, to know what Israel ought to do." Look back over his whole long career and name, I pray you, if you can, the thing that he advised the people to do which the future did not prove it had been best for them to have done; or the thing that he warned them not to

do, the consequences of which, when done, did not prove the wisdom of his warning.

He was democratic, not in the modern sense of the term, as never bolting a caucus nomination nor differing from a caucus policy, but on principle, as founded in a strict, in contradistinction to a latitudinarian construction of the Constitution, and as expressed in his own definition of what should be the great object of government, namely, to secure the greatest good to every member of society that can possibly be accomplished without injury to any. The principles embodied in the American Constitution he regarded as a sacred depository—a vestal fire, which Providence had committed to the American people for the general benefit of mankind; and he felt that it is the world's last hope, and that if it be once extinguished it cannot be rekindled. He devoted his life to the study of this wonderful American system, a study which, said the lamented Hill, “to him who loves Liberty, is more enchanting than romance, more bewitching than love, and more elevating than any other science.” So strong was his love for his native land that when, at the downfall of the Confederacy, he was advised to seek refuge in foreign climes from the captivity and probable death that awaited him here, he answered, “No, I would rather die in this country than live in any other. I will remain, and accept whatever fate is in store for me.”

The gifted Mrs. Mary E. Bryan, in an admirable

article in the *Sunny South*, told in apt and graceful phrase of that strong fibre of sympathy with the yeomanry of the land which was born in him, and was nurtured by the associations of his earlier years, and remained with him through life, that gave him his hold upon the hearts of the people. Never had I been so struck with the rural element in his nature, with the "blending of the yeoman and the patrician, the patriarch and the statesman," as I was during the canvass he made in 1878—the last canvass he ever made of his old district. It was a beautiful revelation to me—that travel with him through the counties of his district, and witnessing the intercourse between him and the country people. It showed that the title of "the great commoner" was not misbestowed upon him, and that, if constituents never had more faithful representative, so never had representative more devoted constituents.

When a man has been returned to Congress uninterruptedly for a long series of years, he comes to be regarded as, to a great extent, the true portraiture and personification of the people who send him there. What an honor to the people of the (old) Eighth Georgia district—what a lustre it shed upon them, to have such a man as Alexander H. Stephens regarded as a type of themselves! When will they—when will Georgia—America—have another like him? His wisdom, his experience, his unsullied integrity, his ardent patriotism, his cool and deliberate judgment, his conciliatory temper, his firm adherence to prin-

ciple—when and where shall we find a substitute for them?

But of his public life others can tell; others have told with far more ability and familiarity than is possible with me. That he accomplished what he did, with all the odds against him, makes him one of the marvels of history. "He is the most remarkable man I ever knew," I once heard Herschel V. Johnson say of him. Was it not one like him in the mind of the poet when he wrote of that

"divinely gifted man,
Whose life in low estate began,
Who breaks his birth's invidious bar
And breasts the blows of circumstance,
And grapples with his evil star;
Who makes by force his merit known
And lives to clutch the golden keys,
To mould a mighty state's decrees,
And shape the whisper of the throne?"

Of the world's great men, Washington was his model, and it may be said of him as of that most illustrious American, that he loved fame, the approval of coming generations, the good opinion of his fellow-men of his time; and he desired to make his conduct coincide with their wishes; but not fear of censure, nor the prospect of applause, could tempt him to swerve from rectitude; and the praise which he coveted was the sympathy of that moral sentiment which exists in every human heart, and goes forth only to the welcome of virtue.

There is a character in fiction whose peculiar situation and career in the troublous times in which he was made to take a part I have often heard Mr. Stephens characterize as a striking counterpart of his own position and course in public life. It is the character of "Morton," in "Old Mortality."

The public life of a statesman is imperishably recorded in the pages of his country's history, but we often have to regret the imperfection of the records of

"That best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremember'd acts
Of kindness and of love."

Though Mr. Stephens's private life was more open to the public view than that of any other man whom I have ever known, or of whom I have ever read, yet much of its "best portion" could be known only to those whom the chances of life threw into daily and hourly association with him. It was my lot—and how dearly I esteem it I have no words to tell—to live in such intimate relations with him for years, and I hold it a sacred duty, and precious privilege as well, to write my testimony of the beautiful life that was revealed to me in those hours when the world's eye was not on him.

If there has ever been, since Calvary's bloody sweat and agony, a God-like life on earth, it was that which went out in Atlanta on that quiet Sabbath morning, five weeks ago. He was the kindest human being I ever knew. His poor little emaciated body was the

casket of the biggest soul that ever went, shriven or unshriven, before the judgment bar of God. It might be said of him, as it was of the Man of Galilee, that he went about doing good. Wherever he saw the form of affliction he covered it with the tender web of his pity, and gave it, when he could, the helping hand and the sheltering arm. For him there was, in the sorrows and sufferings of earth's millions, an infinite voice crying out, "Help! help now, or it will soon be too late!" He said they were the saddest words in the world to him—those little words,—“too late,” and that he could conceive no idea of misery profounder than that conveyed in the utterance—“Ye knew your duty, and ye did it not.”

Can I ever forget the thrilling pathos with which I have heard him read the speech of Jeanie Deans to the Queen, in behalf of Effie, the “puir sister,” wayward and sinning, and doomed to an ignominious death? Even now I can hear him saying, in infinitely tender tones:

“O, madam, if ever ye kend what it was to sorrow for and with a sinning and a suffering creature, whose mind is sae tossed that she can be neither ca'd fit to live or die, have some compassion on our misery! Alas! it is not when we sleep soft and wake merrily ourselves, that we think on other people's sufferings. Our hearts are waxed light within us then, and we are for righting our ain wrangs and fighting our ain battles. But when the hour of trouble comes to the mind or to the body—and when the hour of death comes,

that comes to high and low—O, my Leddy, then it is na what we hae dune for oursells, but what we hae dune for others that we think on maist pleasantly.”

And so, through life, he was doing for others, and laying up pleasant thoughts against the hour of death. During the seventy odd years of his existence, he contributed more to the sum of human happiness than the vast majority of men would were their lives prolonged to seventy times seventy. His benevolence was as boundless as the air, and his charity as wide as the welkin. Like Abou Ben Adhem, his name could be written in the angel’s book as one who loved his fellow men. And his fellow men loved him. The dewy eyes and saddened faces in that vast multitude that gathered round his bier in Georgia’s shrouded capitol, bore testimony to the depth of the hold he had upon their hearts. Among the number was one who was observed to linger longer and bend lowlier over the dead than the others, and when he finally turned from a last, long, lingering look at the wan, still face, and the folded hands, tears were seen trickling down the bearded cheeks. He had taken the life of his fellow man in combat, and the little hand that lay there stilled in death before him had written the pardon that stripped from his limbs the shackles that had been placed upon them to remain while he should live, and the lips so speechless now had said to him, “Go, be free, and sin no more.” And gazing on that cold, dead, merciful hand, and on those

death-sealed lips, the bronzed, scarred man wept like a child.

“I look upon a day as lost,” said the great Dr. Johnson, “in which I do not make a new acquaintance.” I believe Mr. Stephens came to look upon a day as lost in which he did not do something to add to somebody’s happiness. General Jackson has told us how, when asked about the room he used to keep at Liberty Hall for tramps, he answered, “Yes, I feel it my duty to try to make everybody as happy as I can,” and of his servant’s declaration that “Mars Alec is kinder to dogs than most people is to folks.” How thick upon my memory come thronging incidents most touchingly illustrating the utter truthfulness of what both master and servant said! Page after page could be filled with them. The world has long loved the character of “Uncle Toby,” the brave old soldier, whose heart was so tender withal that he would not hurt a fly, and whose soul was so sinless that, when the oath he uttered was borne to Heaven’s chancery, the Accusing Spirit blushed as he gave it in, and the Recording Angel, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word and blotted it out forever. Such a man, in very truth, was he of whom I write. I have heard him intercede for the life of the poor, buzzing, troublesome insect captured in his room of a summer night. “Don’t kill it, just put it outside,” he would say, so gently and so earnestly. He seemed to feel that “the meanest beetle that we tread upon, in corporal sufferance finds a pang as great as when a giant

dies," and he would not inflict that pang upon any living creature. I have seen his heart moved by the piteous, appealing look of a friendless dog that passed him on the wayside, and of all the demonstrations of joy with which he was met on his return home after a long absence, none were livelier nor sincerer than those made by "Pluck," the poor dumb and blind brute who was nowhere so happy as at his master's feet.

Many, many deeds of kindness and of love, many tender associations rise vividly before me now, for sorrow sharpens memory, but they must go unrecorded save on the hearts whereon they are written in letters of unfading love.

Doubtless, it has occurred to some to ask, "How could this man, whose heart was so full of divine love and tenderness, seek to take the life of his fellow-man, by challenging him to mortal combat!" I had often asked myself the question after I came to know him, and once, when talking with him of the differences which led to the hostile correspondence with that other distinguished Georgian, I expressed to him my self-questioning, in view of the fatal consequences that might have followed. He replied, "I didn't intend to kill him," and then I knew that within that bosom there had never entered the dreadful motion of a murderous thought. The latter days of the two men who had been so estranged in earlier life were marked by a cordiality of intercourse that admitted no question of the complete obliteration of whatever unpleasantness of feeling had existed in the past. Scarce a

SOME TRUTHS OF HISTORY.

twelvemonth ago I saw them together in most friendly, even tender, social communion. It was the last time I saw one of them, for he was then "almost home." Death had already laid its all-conquering hand upon his majestic form, and was hurrying him with relentless swiftness to the grave, whither the other was soon to follow him. Let us hope they are together now in the perpetual peace of Paradise.

Many devout men have I known, but never one of them all, layman or preacher, with charity like Mr. Stephens. I verily believe that charity greater than his has not dwelt in this breathing world since He left it who condemned not the erring Magdalen, and pardoned the penitent thief upon the cross. I know no wearer of the sacerdotal robe who might not have sat at his feet and learned of this heavenly essence. I mean not the charity of giving pecuniary assistance to the poor and needy—to which the most of his substance was devoted—not the charity of the purse, but the charity of the soul, and martyrdom of the temper; the charity which says, "Judge not, that ye be not judged;" which prays,

"Let not this weak, unknowing hand,
Presume Thy bolts to throw;
And deal damnation round the land,
On him I deem Thy foe."

The charity which moved him ever, when his enemies were bitterest and his detractors loudest and most reckless, to say, "Father, forgive them, for they know not

what they do." The charity which made him "gently scan his brother man," remembering that "to step aside is human," and which finds such eloquent expression in the words he so often quoted from the immortal Burns:

"Who made the heart, 'tis He alone
Decidedly can try us;
He knows each chord—its various tone,
Each spring—its various bias;
Then at the balance let's be mute,
We never can adjust it;
What's done we partly may compute,
But know not what's resisted."

'Twas the glorifying magic of this heaven-descended virtue, that had made its home so long within that roller-chair, which made the great-hearted Jackson feel that "the lines over which those wheels had rolled were holy;—that no Georgian could cross them with a base thought in his head, or a mean, malignant feeling in his heart, without becoming a traitor to the mother-earth which gave that frail, attenuated frame to the world," and now has "hugged it to herself again."

My pen lingers. All conscious as I am of its utter powerlessness to render fitting tribute, or fashion words to tell my love and veneration for the illustrious dead, I feel that I should not lay it down without declaring that I cannot for a moment entertain the idea that Mr. Stephens's death was caused or hastened by any over-taxing of his mental or physical powers

by the duties of his office. Justice to his memory will not permit me to hold any such belief as that. I had known him, his way of life, his capacity for mental labor, too long and too thoroughly for such a thought to have an instant's lodgment in my mind. What was there in the office of Governor of Georgia to put the mind of Alexander Stephens to its bent? What evidence is there of any loosening from its moorings of that mighty intellect—of any straying of that marvelous mental mechanism from its proper and accustomed track till after days and nights of mortal illness had fallen upon his body, and his senses had been steeped in stupefying potions? Is it in the book he had but recently written? Read it and see. Is it in those political speeches to the people of Georgia, but a few months since, which attracted the attention and commanded the admiration of the most enlightened minds in the Union? Read them and say where and who is the man whose utterances display more unerring logic, more exalted statesmanship, or are more abounding in political lore. Is it in any act as Chief Executive of the State? Name it. Is it in any writing penned by his hand or at his dictation during the last six months? Produce it. Is it in the speech delivered in the presence of that immense audience in Georgia's most cultured city a fortnight before his death? I saw him and talked with him the night of his departure for Savannah, and never saw him with brighter look nor heard him speak in cheerier tone than then. No, no;

'twas no strain of mind nor body in the performance of Executive duties that snapped the thread of life. He would have died sooner without any work than from the work he had to do as Governor. Industry was an attribute of his nature; labor an inherent impulsion, and a habit. Work was the law of his being. He worked to kill pain, and had the outer framework not been touched by the paralyzing hand of death the glorious engine within would be still working on unhurt, with its wonted and its iron power.

But the mandate came, bidding it to cease, and the silver cord was loosed; broken was the golden bowl; the long day's task was done—the "fitful fever" over. Sleep had come at last, and a sage, a patriot, a statesman, and a philanthropist was gone!

"Gone; but nothing can bereave him
Of the force he made his own
Being here, and we believe him
Something far advanced in State,
And that he wears a truer crown
Than any wreath that man can weave him."

However saddening to thousands of others was the summons that called him hence, we know that there were no terrors in that call for him. Throughout his earthly pilgrimage he had kept "a correspondence fixed with Heaven," and had lived ever mindful of the solemn hour that waited for him somewhere on life's uncertain way.

I think, in all history, there is not an instance of a fitter closing of a nobler life. He was not made to sur-

vive his usefulness—to lag superfluous on the stage. Often have I heard him say, when the pale messenger was hovering over him, that he did not wish to outlive his capacity to serve his fellow-men.

“He cared not to be great
But as he saved or served the State.”

Death found him with “the harness on,” at the post of duty to which his countrymen had called him, and to which he went in that spirit of consecration which marked his life, and made him disregard the relaxations and exemptions of age. It came to him in a beautiful old age, finding him blessed with all that should accompany it—“as honor, love, obedience, troops of friends,” and so tenderly did it loosen the bonds that held the spirit in its tenement of clay, that he knew none of the stern agony of the parting hour, but went “like one who had wrapped the drapery of his couch about him and lain down to pleasant dreams.” Where else could it have come to him so fitly? Where else would he have sooner met it than in the chief and capital city of his native State, in the service of the people he loved so well, and who so well loved him? Where but in the very midst of the people to whom all the throbbings of his heart were given would he have been so willing to have those throbbings cease? And, as if absolutely nothing should be wanting to complete the symmetry of his glorious life, and carry its sacred similitude as far as mortal nature would permit, its last official act, done while he lay upon his dying bed,

was the pardon of a criminal. Did not the gentle, loving Jesus, in the very agony of crucifixion, do the same?

The eternal silence wraps him now. Hidden forever from our sight is that dear, familiar, fragile form; closed in death are the eyes whose glance had magic in it; never again will our heartstrings be thrilled by that clarion voice; but in the innermost shrines of our hearts is his memory embalmed and his image fixed forevermore!

“In the blank silence of the narrow tomb
The clay may rest which wrapped his human birth;
But, all unconquered by that silent doom,
The spirit of his thought shall walk the earth,
In glory and in light.”

THE SHACKLING OF JEFFERSON DAVIS.

[Read before the Atlanta Camp of Confederate Veterans, at the Capitol, Atlanta, Georgia, March 20, 1899.]

On the third of December, 1865, Robert E. Lee wrote to General G. T. Beauregard a letter touching the duty of the Southern people, with regard to perpetuating the truth of history as to the war between the States. "Every one," said General Lee to General Beauregard, "should do all in his power to collect and disseminate the truth, in the hope that it may find a place in history, and descend to posterity."

Actuated by the spirit of these words of the great Confederate commander, I have, from time to time, published articles through the press, both North and South, reciting truths that should be disseminated, in vindication of the South against the misrepresentation and calumny of those who are ignorant of and inimical to her people, and nothing has given me greater gratification than the indorsement which my efforts in that direction have received from the United Confederate Veterans, both in single camps and in their general conventions. The approbation of no body of men on earth is more to be coveted. In further accordance with the quoted words of the South's most illustrious chieftain, I have recently prepared a paper upon a subject in regard to which a studied

attempt has been made to becloud the truth of history, and, in compliance with the courteous invitation received through your commander, I will, with your kind indulgence, now read that paper to this Camp.

In a sketch of General Nelson A. Miles, published in the *Atlanta Journal* on the 13th of last January, it was said:

“It has been charged that of his own volition he placed Jefferson Davis, the beloved chieftan of the Confederacy, in chains while a prisoner in Fortress Monroe. This has been authoritatively denied, Miles claiming this was done by orders of Charles A. Dana, at that time assistant secretary of war. At any rate, when the Spanish-American war began, the fact that Miles placed Jefferson Davis in irons was revived, and bitter feeling was exhibited toward him in the South. When it was explained that he acted under orders from his superior, this feeling gradually softened, and little, if any, of it remains.”

An editorial in the *Augusta Chronicle*—the mention of that paper, I am sure, brings to every one here thoughts of him, so long its editor-in-chief, its presiding genius, whose spirit has just taken its flight from its tenement of clay. The State of Georgia never had a more devoted son than Patrick Walsh; a truer friend, a more loyal and generous soul does not live upon her soil to-day. Peace to his ashes, and long may his memory be cherished and his virtues emulated in the beautiful city he loved and served

so long and well.* An editorial in the *Chronicle* on the subject alluded to in the extract from the *Atlanta Journal*, said:

“The whole case hinges on the question as to whether the official order upon which the shackling was done was mandatory or discretionary, and this question ought to be easily cleared up by the government record.”

I have in my possession a fac-simile of the order referred to. Here it is, and this is the way it reads:

“FORTRESS MONROE, May 22, 1865.

“Brvt. Major General Miles is hereby authorized and directed to place manacles and fetters upon the hands and feet of Jefferson Davis and Clement C. Clay, Jr., whenever he may think it advisable in order to render their imprisonment more secure.

“By order of the Secretary of War.

“C. A. DANA,

“Ass’t Secy. of War.”

I have before me, too, a copy of a telegram sent from Fortress Monroe by Mr. Dana to E. M. Stanton, Secretary of War, on the day when the order was issued, May 22, 1865. In this telegram Mr. Dana says:

“I have not given orders to have them placed in irons, as General Halleck seemed opposed to it; but

* Mr. Walsh died at his home in Augusta, Ga., Sunday morning, March 19, 1899.

General Miles is instructed to have fetters ready, if he thinks them necessary."

Clement C. Clay, Jr., named in the order and referred to in the telegram was a member of the Confederate States Senate from Alabama, and was charged, like Mr. Davis, with having instigated the assassination of President Lincoln and the attempted assassination of William H. Seward, Secretary of State. When he saw the proclamation of President Johnson containing the charge, he voluntarily surrendered himself to the nearest military authorities, protesting that no ground existed for the accusation. Notwithstanding this, he was kept in close confinement for a year, without any proof having been brought against him connecting his name in the slightest way with the crime charged against him.

Years after their release I talked with both of these illustrious men about their captivity, but it is not my purpose to relate my conversations with them in this connection. It is from Mrs. Davis that I have gathered and shall quote the most impressive testimony on the subject—the testimony that is contained in her memoir of her husband, which alone would clear up the question.

Mr. Davis was captured near Irwinsville, Georgia, the 10th of May, 1865, his wife and baby (Winnie, "the Daughter of the Confederacy") being with him at the time. They were conveyed, by way of Macon and Augusta, to Port Royal, where they were placed on board of a vessel (the propeller "Clyde")

in which they were taken to Hampton Roads. Alexander H. Stephens, who was the Vice-President of the Confederate States, John H. Reagan, who was their Postmaster-General, Clement C. Clay, and General Joseph Wheeler, were taken in the same vessel at the same time to the same place.

MRS. DAVIS'S FIRST MEETING WITH GENERAL MILES.

At Hampton Roads, on the 22d day of May, Mr. Davis and Mr. Clay were placed on board a tug, in charge of General Miles, and transferred to Fortress Monroe, leaving Mrs. Davis and Mrs. Clay on the "Clyde."

"The next day," says Mrs. Davis, "General Miles and some other officers came on board and summoned Mrs. Clay and me. * * * He was not respectful, but I thought it was his ignorance of polite usage. He declined to tell me anything of my husband or about our own destination, and said, 'Davis had announced Mr. Lincoln's assassination the day before it happened, and he guessed he knew all about it.'"

This was the first meeting of Mrs. Jefferson Davis with General Nelson A. Miles.

THEIR NEXT MEETING.

A year from that time they met again. Mrs. Davis had at last been granted permission by the President of the United States to visit her husband, and had gone to Fortress Monroe for that purpose. General Miles was still in command there, and she had to see

him before she could go to Mr. Davis. She awaited the general in the casemate to which she had been conducted, and here is her account of their second meeting:

“In a little while General Miles came in and assured me of ‘Davis’s’ good health. He showed the same economy of titles in speaking of my husband from the time I went there until our departure. Sometimes he varied his nomenclature by calling him ‘Jeff Davis’ or ‘Jeff.’ He asked me if I understood the terms to be that I was to take no deadly ‘weepons’ into the prison, to which I answered in the affirmative.”

MR. DAVIS’S APPEARANCE AND HIS ROOM.

Of Mr. Davis’s appearance when her eyes had their first sight of him in prison, and of the place where he was confined, she says:

“Through the bars of the inner room I saw Mr. Davis’s shrunk form and glassy eyes; his cheekbones stood out like those of a skeleton. Merely crossing the room made his breath come in short gasps, and his voice was scarcely audible. His room had a rough screen in one corner, a horse-bucket for water, a basin and pitcher that stood on a chair with the back sawn off for a washstand, and a hospital towel, a little iron bedstead with a hard mattress, one pillow, and a square, wooden table, a wooden-seated chair that had one short leg and rocked from side to side unexpectedly, and a Boston rocker which

had been sent in a few weeks before. His table-cloth was a copy of the New York *Herald*, spread on the little table. The bed was so infested with insects as to give a perceptible odor to the room. He knew so little of such things that he could not imagine what annoyed him so at night, and insisted it was some cutaneous affection."

MILES'S PETTY INSULTS.

Of the state of mind in which she found Mr. Davis, she says:

"He was bitter at no earthly creature, but expressed supreme contempt for the petty insults inflicted hourly upon him by General Miles, who, he said, had exhausted his ingenuity to find something more afflicting to visit upon him. Among other things he told me that General Miles never walked with him on the ramparts, in enforced companionship, without saying something so offensive as to render the exercise a painful effort."

As an instance of this sort of offensiveness she relates that one day while the general was walking on the ramparts, in enforced companionship with Mr. Davis, he observed interrogatively that it was reported that John C. Calhoun had made much money by speculations, or favoring the speculations of his friends, connected with the work on Fortress Monroe, Mr. Calhoun being secretary of war at the time. This insinuation against the honor and honesty of that

eminent statesman and patriot was promptly and indignantly repelled by Mr. Davis.

“One day,” says Mrs. Davis, “General Miles came to the prison and said something not recalled with sufficient clearness for repetition, but of such an insulting character that Mr. Davis sprang at the bars, and, as General Miles recoiled, said: ‘But for these you should answer to me now.’”

Mrs. Davis avers that her memory “does not furnish a record of the thousand little stabs he (General Miles) gave his emaciated, gray-haired prisoner.” “Suffice it to say that he used his power to insult and annoy to the utmost, and in ways previously unknown and not to be anticipated by gentlemen.”

Among the petty annoyances to which he was subjected was that of being intercepted in the restricted walks he was allowed to take, after his shackles were removed, by people—male and female, schoolgirls and their teachers—who were “let loose upon the ramparts about the hour of his walk, to stare at him as though he were the caged monster of some traveling menagerie.” Things like this, added to General Miles’s enforced and irritating company, prevented his deriving the benefit from his walks that he would have experienced had they been taken without such disagreeable accompaniments. Besides having General Miles at his side, two armed guards were always close behind him.

Continuing the relation of her experience with General Miles, Mrs. Davis says:

“At first he fixed the shortest period and certain hours for my stay with Mr. Davis. After many applications to spend the evenings with him, he at last consented; but if the general came over to the guard room and found us cheerfully talking together, whether at seven, at eight, or at ten o’clock, he left the room and sent an order for me to go home. Once or twice he said personally that it was ‘shutting-up time.’ I entreated him unavailingly to let me join Mr. Davis in his walks, as he was too weak to walk alone, and would avail himself of my arm, though he would not lean on General Miles.”

MILES’S NOTIONS OF PROPRIETY.

An idea of General Miles’s notions of the proprieties may be had from the following paragraphs in the memoir:

“General Burton, as I accidentally learned, which statement was afterwards verified by him, when deciding upon a casemate for me, was advised by General Miles to put me on the side of the fort occupied by the camp women. He said there was an impropriety in associating me with the families of the officers; but General Burton declined to offer me the indignity, and assigned me a casemate in the row with the officers’ wives.

“One day an orderly came for me to go to the prison; hitherto an officer had always accompanied me past the sentinels. I thought nothing of it, but when we reached the guard room the captain on duty

apologized for not coming in person, and told me General Miles had said a prisoner's wife had better come over with an orderly and unattended by an officer. It was a small matter to me, but these refined, kind-hearted gentlemen were unwilling to be misunderstood. General Miles, I heard, denied giving the order, and the officers signed a statement to the effect that he had verbally given it before several witnesses after guard-mounting. I think he made no further denial."

HE GOSSIPS WITH A SERVANT.

On June the 2d, 1865, the general furnished additional proof of his vigilance and efficiency as a jailer and detective in the following communication to the War Department:

"FORT MONROE, June 2, 1865.

"Col. E. W. Smith, Assistant Adjutant-General:

"Colonel: I have just learned from a servant girl of Jeff Davis's, that went to Norfolk before Davis left the Clyde, that a servant of his, James Jones, colored, who left the Clyde soon after its arrival here, has left here, going over the route via Raleigh, where his mother resides, and said before he left he knew where two bags of money were concealed near where Davis was captured, amounting to \$10,000, and that he was going to find it.

"Respectfully,

"NELSON A. MILES,

"Brevet Major-General of Volunteers, Commanding."

His next biography should, by all means, exhibit to the gaze of his admiring countrymen a picture of the General holding his tete-a-tete with "Jeff Davis's" colored servant girl.

MILES TALKS ABOUT THE SHACKLING OF MR. DAVIS.

And here is Mrs. Davis's account of an interview with General Miles, which is a very interesting and important contribution to the subject under discussion:

"One day General Miles sent his orderly for me to come to headquarters, and I went in fear and trembling, lest some one had accused me of carrying deadly 'weepons.' He received me civilly, and then said he had sent for me to see the orders under which he had shackled Mr. Davis. To say that my blood ran cold is a faint expression of the thrill that went through me. He opened a large ledger book and showed me Mr. Stanton's order to him to adopt any means that would insure the prisoner's safety. I told him that I did not see his warrant in that order. He said: 'Mr. Stanton knew I was going to do it, and I thought it necessary.' "

Mrs. Davis says this is quoted from notes taken immediately after the conversation.

WAS IT NECESSARY?

We have seen that Mr. Stanton's order to General Miles, through Mr. Dana, was to place manacles and fetters upon the hands and feet of Jefferson Davis

and Clement C. Clay, Jr., "whenever he might think it advisable in order to render their imprisonment more secure." Mr. Dana had been sent by Mr. Stanton to Fortress Monroe authorized to give orders to have the prisoners placed in irons, but we have seen that, after his arrival at the fort, he telegraphed to Mr. Stanton: "I have not given orders to have them placed in irons, as General Halleck seemed opposed to it; but General Miles is instructed to have fetters ready if he thinks them necessary." It is evident that he was authorized by Stanton to have Mr. Davis and Mr. Clay—especially Mr. Davis—put in irons, but as General Halleck was opposed to it, instead of having it done, he, before returning to Washington, wrote out the order, the facsimile of which I have shown you, leaving it for General Miles alone to decide whether the manacling of the aged prisoners, or either of them, was necessary or not. He was to act entirely of his own volition in the matter. He said he "thought it necessary" that "Davis" should be manacled, and the day after that order was left with him—the 23d day of May, 1865—Jefferson Davis was put in irons.

Was it necessary to place manacles and fetters upon the hands or feet of Jefferson Davis to render his imprisonment secure? If there ever comes a time when answer to this question is seriously asked and desired by any one, let the assistant secretary of war himself, first of all, be quoted in reply. In the tele-

gram already alluded to, which Mr. Dana sent from Fortress Monroe to Mr. Stanton at one o'clock, p. m., on the 22d day of May, 1865, he said:

“The arrangements for the security of the prisoners seem to me as complete as could be desired. Each one occupies the inner room of a casemate; the window is heavily barred. A sentry stands within before each of the doors leading into the outer room. These doors are to be grated, but are now secured by bars, fastened on the outside. Two other sentries stand outside of these doors. An officer is also constantly on duty in the outer room, whose duty it is to see his prisoner every fifteen minutes. The outer door of all is locked on the outside, and the key is kept exclusively by the general officer of the guard. Two sentries are also stationed without that door; a strong line of sentries cut off all access to the vicinity of the casemates. Another line is stationed on the top of the parapet overhead, and a third line is posted across the moats on the counterscarp, opposite the places of confinement. The casemates on each side and between those occupied by the prisoners are used as guard-rooms, and soldiers are always there. A lamp is constantly kept burning in each of the rooms.”

To prevent his escape from such a place of confinement, so guarded, did General Miles think it necessary to place manacles upon a feeble old man, broken with cares and sorrows and suffering! And Mrs. Davis records that “Mr. Stanton is said to have gone down

and peered through the grating at the tortured man," and that General Miles was said to have "favored his friends with peeps at him when they were at all curious."

Answer to the question I have asked may also be found in the book entitled "Men and Measures of Half a Century," by the Hon. Hugh McCulloch, Secretary of the Treasury from 1865 to 1869, who had the heart and the courage to visit Mr. Davis in prison, and to write these words: "I felt that he had been barbarously treated. Chains were unnecessary, and the constant presence of the guards in the casemate must have been, to a sensitive man, worse than solitary confinement, which is now regarded as too inhuman to be inflicted upon the greatest criminals."

"He seemed to be neither depressed in spirits nor soured in temper," wrote Mr. McCulloch; and in the book entitled "*The Prison Life of Jefferson Davis*," consisting, for the most part, of the diary of Dr. Craven, the United States Army surgeon who was Mr. Davis's attending physician at the fort, we find these words: "Mr. Davis is remarkable for the kindness of his nature and fidelity to friends. Of none of God's creatures does he seem to wish or speak unkindly." The words of these two gentlemen, Northern men both, are corroborative of Mrs. Davis's words: "He was bitter at no earthly creature."

WHY HE RESISTED THE SHACKLING.

It is well known that Mr. Davis resisted the manaceling of his limbs with all the strength that the desperation aroused by a sense of the great and needless indignity about to be inflicted on him lent to his slight frame, and that it was accomplished only after he was overpowered and held prostrate by four men, who sat on him while blacksmiths put on the irons which, ere they were taken off, had literally worn the skin away. To Dr. Craven Mr. Davis, speaking of that dark and damning deed, said:

“My physical condition rendered it obvious that there could be no idea that fetters were needful to the security of my imprisonment. It was clear, therefore, that the object was to offer an indignity, both to myself and to the cause I represented—not the less sacred to me because covered with the pall of a military disaster. It was for this reason I resisted as a duty to my faith, to my countrymen, and to myself. It was for this reason I courted death from the muskets of the guard. The officer of the day (Captain Titlow) prevented that result, and, indeed, he behaved like a man of good feeling.”

A REFINEMENT OF TORTURE.

You have noted Mr. Dana's statement, in his telegram to Mr. Stanton which I have quoted, that a lamp was always kept burning and a sentry always kept standing in the room where Mr. Davis was confined;

and you remember Mr. McCulloch's comment on this ever-present sentry. The horrors of such a situation were thus described by Mr. Davis himself, in conversation with Dr. Craven:

"The consciousness that the Omniscient Eye rests upon us in every situation is the most consoling and beautiful belief of religion; but to have a human eye riveted on you in every moment of waking or sleeping, sitting, walking, or lying down, is a refinement of torture on anything the Comanches or Spanish Inquisition ever dreamed. * * * The human eye forever fixed upon you is the eye of a spy, or enemy, gloating in the pain and humiliation which itself creates. * * * This torture of being watched begins to prey on my reason. The lamp burning in my room all night would seem a torment devised by some one who had intimate knowledge of my habits, my custom having been through life never to sleep except in total darkness."

The sentry was removed from his room finally, but, through the aperture made by a sliding panel in the door, the torturing espionage was continued by day and night, without a moment's cessation, while the lamplight continued to shoot its rays all night long into his throbbing eyeballs (one of them already sightless from neuralgia), and such short and troubled snatches of sleep as he could get were broken by the noise made by the frequent changing of the guard

at his door and the sentinels' steady tramp in the corridor.

But it was not from the torture inflicted on his body, great as that was, that his keenest anguish came. "Bitter tears," he said, "have been shed by the gentle, and stern reproaches have been made by the magnanimous, on account of the heavy fetters riveted upon me while in a stone casemate and surrounded by a strong guard, but these were less excruciating than the mental agony my captors were able to inflict."

THE POWER THAT SUSTAINED HIM.

How did he endure it all? What upheld him? How did this aged, weak and suffering man survive all the racking of mind and body inflicted on him during two years of captivity? In his own words, in the letters written from his prison cell to the wife of his bosom (for he was permitted, after some months, to write to her, under restrictions) may be found the answer to this question:

"Bowed down by anxiety for my family"—thus he wrote—"suffering from neuralgia and dyspepsia, covered by the dusky cloud of falsehood and injustice, I am supported by the conscious rectitude of my course, and humbly and grievously acknowledging my many and grievous sins against God, can confidently look to His righteous judgment for vindication in the matters whereof I am accused by man.

"Be not alarmed by speculative reports concern-

ing my condition; you can rely on my fortitude, and God has given me much of resignation to His blessed will. * * * It is true that my strength has greatly failed me, and the loss of sleep has created a morbid excitability, but an unseen hand has sustained me, and a peace the world could not give and has not been able to destroy, will, I trust, uphold me to meet with resignation whatever may befall me.

“I have lately read ‘The Suffering Saviour,’ by the Rev. Dr. Krumacher, and was deeply impressed by the dignity, the sublime patience of the model of Christianity, as contrasted with the brutal vindictiveness of unregenerate man. * * * Misfortune should not depress us, as it is only crime that can degrade. Beyond this world there is a sure retreat for the oppressed; and posterity justifies the memory of those who fall unjustly. * * * Our injuries cease to be grievous in proportion as Christian charity enables us to forgive those who trespass against us, and to pray for our enemies. * * * Separated from my friends of this world, my Heavenly Father has drawn nearer to me. * * * The best resource of patience is the assurance that the world is governed by infinite wisdom, and that He who rules only permits injustice for some counterbalancing good of which the sufferer cannot judge. * * Fear not what man can do; it is God disposes. Now I am shut up, and slander runs riot to destroy my fair repute, but any investigation must redeem my character and leave it for an inheritance to my chil-

dren, which, in aftertimes, they will not be the worse for possessing. The treatment I have received will be compared with my treatment of others, and it will be the reverse of the picture my enemies have drawn. Conscious rectitude is a great support to the sufferer, whatever may be the form or end of the afflictions.

* * * I am sustained by a power I know not of.
* * * With the communion of the church, I am not alone, nor without remembrance that the burden is not permitted to exceed the strength. I live and hope."


In these words, quoted from letters written at different times, we have the secret of the illustrious captive's survival of his imprisonment. They show us how it was that, through all the privation and suffering to which he was subjected, he lived and hoped. He felt within him that peace above all earthly dignities that a still and quiet conscience gives, and of which no storm and stress of earth could rob him. He knew, as we know, that whatever record leapt to light, he never would be shamed. The desire, too, to live and vindicate to posterity and for his family his conduct and the cause which he represented, helped to sustain him, and, fortunately for the truth's sake, he did live to accomplish that desire most triumphantly by his history of the Confederate government.

A SINCERE CHRISTIAN.

Dr. Craven, in "*The Prison Life of Jefferson Davis*," says:

“There were moments, while speaking on religious subjects, in which Mr. Davis impressed me more than any professor of Christianity I have ever heard. There was a vital earnestness in his discourse, a clear, almost passionate grasp in his faith; and the thought would frequently recur that a belief capable of consoling such sorrows as his, possessed, and thereby evidenced, a reality—a substance—which no sophistry of the infidel could discredit.”

“And let me here remark,” says the doctor, “that, despite a certain exterior cynicism of manner, no patient has ever crossed my path who, suffering so much himself, appeared to feel so warmly and tenderly for others. Sickness, as a general rule, is sadly selfish, its own pains and infirmities occupying too much of its thoughts. With Mr. Davis, however, the rule did not work, or rather he was an exception calling attention to its general truth.”

This was Jefferson Davis. This was the man upon whom, while he was a prisoner in a stone casemate and surrounded by a strong guard, heavy fetters were riveted by order of General Nelson A. Miles. 

A DEED DELIBERATELY DONE.

The evidence shows that the deed done by General Miles on that fateful 23d day of May, 1865, was done voluntarily and deliberately, on his own responsibility solely. He knew, before he did it, and while he was doing it, that it would be a deed that would pass into history, never to be obliterated

from its pages. It is most probable that he was actuated largely by the desire to go into history as the man who put Jefferson Davis in irons. The desire has been achieved. He has so gone into history, and will so live there for all time to come. It may be that now he would have it otherwise—now that he has realized that shame, and not fame, will be his everlasting portion for that deed—but history is inexorable and cannot be evaded. When a general of the army of a Christian country does a deed like that, he should not, if he could, be suffered to escape history. He should not be allowed to escape the consequences of a disgraceful act, if it were possible for him to do so. But such escape is impossible, for “our acts our angels are, or good or ill, our fatal shadows that walk by us still.” The shadow of that deed is projected ineffaceably into distant ages. All great Neptune’s ocean cannot wash away the stain it left upon the name of its author. He is the commanding general of the United States army, and has been made a Doctor of Laws by Harvard University, but he can reach no position so exalted that that shadow will not fall, a veritable Frankenstein, athwart his path.¹

GRANT CONTRASTED WITH MILES.

When Mrs. Davis went to Washington to seek an

1. General Miles has published a large volume of “Personal Recollections,” but it does not appear therefrom that he has any recollection of the manacling of Mr. Davis. From nothing in his book does it appear that General Miles ever met Jefferson Davis, or is aware that such a man ever lived. But he cannot down his damning deed in that way.

interview with President Johnson for the purpose of effecting some amelioration of her husband's condition, she received a message from General Grant saying he would be glad if he could serve her in any way. She had an appointment to meet the general, but was unavoidably prevented from keeping it, and he, after waiting an hour for her, instructed his aide-de-camp to deliver that message to her, with the explanation that another engagement prevented him from waiting longer.

It is not out of place to recall here, in connection with his courteous conduct towards Mrs. Davis, the fact that, when an order was issued for the arrest of General Lee, General Grant instantly repaired to Washington and protested against it, and it is understood that he said emphatically that if General Lee were arrested—if the parole given to the Confederate commander and his officers was violated—he would resign his commission in the army. The order for the arrest of General Lee and other Confederate officers, some of whom had already been arrested, was rescinded.

Mrs. Davis says that neither she nor Mr. Davis ever forgot General Grant's courtesy towards her. She doubtless felt it all the more sensibly because it afforded such a contrast to the deportment of him who is now the commanding general of the army, of whom she says:

"We excused much to General Miles, whose opportunities to learn the habits of refined people were said

to have been few, and his sectional feeling was very bitter, but that he should not have been moved by the evident physical suffering and mental anguish of his prisoner, and should have devised ingenious tortures for him, we could not understand. * * * * *

“Men may be forgiven who, actuated by prejudice, exhibit bitterness in the first hours of their triumph; but what excuse can be offered for one who, in cold blood, deliberately organizes tortures to be inflicted, and superintends for over a year their application to the quivering form of an emaciated, exhausted, helpless prisoner, who, the whole South proudly remembers, though reduced to death’s door, unto the end neither recanted his faith, fawned upon his persecutor, nor pleaded for mercy.”

When they shall meet at compt, before the Great Assize, who would not be Jefferson Davis, the patient, suffering captive, rather than Nelson A. Miles, the vengeful, torturing captor?

HE WAS THEIR LEADER.

Why was Mr. Davis so cruelly, so barbarously treated? Simply and solely because he obeyed the call of the people of the South, his own people, to be their leader in the war they fought for the right of self-government—the war they fought in defense of the principle upon which the government of the United States was founded, the principle laid down in the Declaration of Independence—“that governments derive their just powers from the consent of

the governed and are instituted among men to secure their unalienable rights to life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, and that whenever any form of government becomes destructive of or fails to secure these ends, it is the right of the people to alter or abolish it, and to institute a new government, laying its foundation on such principles, and organizing its powers in such form as to them shall seem most likely to effect their safety and happiness.”

THE TWO SIDES.

In 1861 the American Union was composed of thirty-three States, joined in a voluntary political association, partnership, or government, styled “The United States of America.”¹ The people of eleven of these States, numbering about 5,000,000, having found that, under that government, their safety and happiness, their peace and tranquility, were constantly and seriously threatened, and disturbed instead of being secured, decided to institute a new government, one that to them seemed more likely than the existing one to effect their safety and happiness. In accordance with the principle enunciated by the Declaration of Independence, which I have quoted, they instituted such new government, which was styled “The Confederate States of America;” and, in defiance and subversion of that principle, the people of the other

1. “I consider the Union a great political partnership.”—Henry Clay. “Our Confederacy is perfectly illustrated by the terms and principles governing a common co-partnership.”—Inaugural address of President Wm. Henry Harrison.

States of the Union, numbering about 22,000,000, said that the people of the eleven States did *not* have the right to institute a new government to secure their happiness, and made war against the people of the eleven States to compel them to renounce and abolish the government of their choice and come back and remain under the government from which they had withdrawn because it had ceased to secure to them the ends for which it was instituted.

So it was that there came about the war between the States; eleven on one side, with 5,000,000 people, fighting *for* the principle of the Declaration of Independence on which the government of the United States was itself founded; and twenty-two on the other side, with 22,000,000 people, fighting *against* it. The 22,000,000 overcame the 5,000,000, after four years' fighting, and the barbarous treatment of Jefferson Davis was due, as I have said, to the fact that he was the leader of the vanquished side. He was charged with having committed treason against the twenty-two States in joining the eleven States in their struggle to maintain the principle of the Declaration of Independence, but as, in doing so, he acted in conformity to the will and in obedience to the call of his own State, and as one State cannot commit treason against another State, the absurdity of the charge is apparent. Every well-informed person knew that it had no foundation in law or in fact. Unless the State of Mississippi could be lawfully convicted of treason against coequal, associate States, Jefferson

Davis, a citizen of that State, could not be lawfully convicted of treason for remaining loyal to Mississippi instead of transferring his allegiance to the States that were making war on her.

WOULD NEVER TRY HIM.

At the end of an imprisonment of two years, Mr. Davis was released on bail, the bond being \$100,000, and his bondsmen were Horace Greeley, Gerrit Smith and Cornelius Vanderbilt, all citizens of New York. He was never brought to trial for "treason" or anything else, though he eagerly wished and constantly urged a trial. The United States government would never put to the test of an investigation, in accordance with the Constitution and laws of the land, the question whether or not he had committed treason against that government. It was a test he greatly desired, and he was greatly disappointed at the government's declining it. Had he been tried for treason the issue presented to the Supreme Court of the United States would have been precisely the same which was argued by Calhoun and Webster; precisely the same which was fought by Lee and Grant. That issue required an answer to the question: Did the States have a right to secede? For if the States had no right to secede, Jefferson Davis was a traitor. If they had a right to secede, he was a patriot. This question the political heads of the government feared to submit to its own tribunal, well remembering that in the Dred Scott decision that tribunal itself had placed

the seal of constitutionality upon the principles for which the Southern statesmen and people stood. By the release, without trial, of Mr. Davis, the world was informed that the United States government feared to imperil in the courts of reason what it had gained on the field of battle, and the result was a judgment by default, against the United States, that whereas the right of secession now no longer exists, nevertheless, and notwithstanding, the right of secession *did* exist, and Mr. Davis was not a traitor, but a patriot.

IT CLEARS UP THE QUESTION.

I think that the evidence submitted herewith "clears up" the question as to the responsibility of General Nelson A. Miles for the shackling of Jefferson Davis. May its dissemination and its perpetuation in the pages of history make for humanity by serving to deter some future Miles from torturing some other helpless prisoner.

[From *The Macon (Ga.) Telegraph*, March 9, 1902.]

AN OLD MAN ELOQUENT

WHO IS A BELATED CHAMPION OF THE DECLARATION.

Washington, March 7.—The most remarkable and interesting figure in the United States Senate to-day is Mr. Hoar, of Massachusetts, by reason of his age, the mental and physical vigor that accompanies it, his long senatorial career, and his position in opposition to that of his party on the Philippine question, which has been the all-absorbing theme in the Senate this winter.

Mr. Hoar has been at issue with his party on that question from the beginning. With great earnestness and with eloquence he opposes and condemns the imperialistic, autocratic, unrighteous, un-American and brutally cruel policy of the United States government with regard to the Philippine people. He is a thorn in the sides of its advocates, and a plague to them. In the course of the recent debate on that subject in the Senate he exposed the hollowness of one of the much vaunted claims made for that policy, and perforated and riddled it with a few blistering, burning sentences which I incorporate herewith, that they may have, through the columns of *The Tele-*

graph, a much wider reading than they are likely to have in the pages of the *Congressional Record*.

Mr. Platt of Connecticut and Mr. Beveridge of Indiana were the personages to whom Mr. Hoar devoted his special attention on the occasion referred to, though Mr. Beveridge's appearance on the stage, as will be seen, was of brief and by no means brilliant duration. Mr. Platt had been reading statements from some of the governors of the Philippine islands to the effect that the people there were well satisfied with the American rule, contented with the present condition, and really happy in it; that, in short, it is a delightful condition. In reply to this Mr. Hoar pointed to the fact that the governors quoted by the Connecticut senator are, every one of them, appointed by American power and paid by American money, and he asked: "Does the senator think that certificates as to the condition of public sentiment when our revolutionary war broke out, or even when it had been going on for a year, made to the British Parliament by the Tory governors of that time, would have been accepted anywhere as of great historical value?"

Then alluding to the statement from the provincial governors that the Filipinos are all growing in appreciation of our institutions, Mr. Hoar asked: "What are those institutions of ours they appreciate?" It was just at this point that Mr. Beveridge put in his oar and made his contribution to the discussion. In

reply to Mr. Hoar's inquiry, Mr. Beveridge rashly answered: "Free schools," and as quick as a flash came this response from the Massachusetts senator:

"Free schools, cries out an enthusiastic youth on my left. Free schools! What kind of free schools? We teach citizenship in our free schools. We have an American flag over the school-house. Can they teach citizenship in the Filipino free schools, or have a Filipino flag—the flag of the country—hanging over the school-house? Can they read to those scholars, as was suggested during the debate, the Declaration of Independence, or the great amendments to our Constitution, and tell them there is the great foundation of citizenship? Can the little boy of ten or fifteen in a class in those free schools say that he loves liberty; that all men are created equal, and that governments must derive their just powers from the consent of the governed? The poor little fellow will have to be sent first to the coal bin and then to the penitentiary. These are what are called free schools, and that is the way they are to teach appreciation of our institutions.

"What do the children in our free schools do? They do not sit on Washington's birthday. They read the farewell address, but you might as well put a spark of fire into a powder mine as to have Washington's farewell address read in one of those free schools where they teach American institutions.

"The free school here at home does not keep on the

Fourth of July, but the Filipino school, if it does not keep, cannot at least have anything said such as we say here on the Fourth of July. I wonder if they speak pieces in the free schools in the Philippine islands. When we were young we used to speak a speech made by a Revolutionary villain named Patrick Henry, 'Give me liberty or give me death.'

"I wonder if they speak that piece we used to speak in our humble way—Chatham's famous speech, the one finest oratoric utterance in all human history since the time of Greece—'Sir, I rejoice that America has resisted.' I should like to hear a little chap out in a Philippine school-house speak that. I wonder if Warren's address to his troops is one of the ways in which they teach the little fellow to appreciate American institutions:

"Stand! The ground's your own, my braves;
Will you give it up to slaves?"

"Or Marco Bozzarris's address to his soldiers, which we used to know by heart? I wonder if they would allow the little fellow to speak a Fourth of July oration—and I have no doubt he has delivered a great many—by my honorable friend, the senator from Indiana (Mr. Beveridge).

"I will venture to say, without having read them—and I should be a wiser and better man if I had—that there is not a Filipino free school in which any Fourth of July address he ever delivered in his life, or until within the last five years, or any important

political speech he ever delivered in his life, or until within the last four or five years, would be allowed to be uttered by the school-boy."

Thus keenly, with words like rapier thrusts, did the old man eloquent of Massachusetts pierce through and through the mask of liberal, benevolent and philanthropic professions with which the Republican party accompanies its course of force and fraud in the Philippines. Thus vividly, with words like lightning flashes, did he lay bare to the gaze of all the world all the hollow mockery, all the hideous hypocrisy of those professions. Mr. Beveridge shrank back in silence. He had no word of reply. He was dumb. Mr. Platt did venture to keep up the discussion a little further, the result of which was as complete a discomfiture for him as that which had befallen his rash and luckless co-imperialist, the "enthusiastic youth" from Indiana.

It was said of the little boy, whose nose was dislocated in consequence of his having been too rashly familiar with the dangerous end of a mule, that he would not be pretty any more but he would have more sense. Mr. Beveridge will hardly be so daring in entering the lists to have a tilt with Mr. Hoar hereafter, but what he loses in daring he will make up in caution.

Mr. Hoar is a Republican, but not an imperialist. He has been in the Senate thirty years and is nearly eighty years old. It is refreshing to see how vigorous

he still is in mind and body, and it is an exhilarating, inspiring sight to see him now using his faculties so earnestly and bravely in behalf of the principles of the Declaration of Independence and genuine American constitutional liberty. It was not always so. The truth of history must be written. Time was—from 1861 to 1865, and later—when he did not so use them, and the policy of government by force upon which the United States then embarked is what has landed and is keeping an American army and American provincial governors and satraps in the Philippine islands to-day. Now, in the late evening of his life, Mr. Hoar returns to the principles from which he and the whole North departed then; but the North, despite his pleading, despite his eloquence, despite his arguments—unanswerable save by force alone—the North, alas! returns not with him. The North adopted the policy of answering argument with force then, and has become enamored of it. Force supplanted the Declaration and the Constitution then as it is supplanting them now. The North tasted blood then, drank deep of it, waded through it to power and dominion; and now she must have more blood, that she may have more power, and more dominion; reckoning not, the while, of the bitter consequence, the ruinous recoil of it all upon herself at the last.

Mr. Hoar does not seem yet to have realized that the republic—the true American Union—the Union founded upon the doctrine that governments derive

their just powers from the consent of the governed—was overthrown in this country when eleven of the States of that Union were compelled by force of arms to abandon their attempt to maintain that doctrine near forty years ago, and to yield themselves to the superior physical force of twenty-two other States. When the army of the North passed beyond the Potomac in 1861, the Rubicon of the Republic was crossed.¹

That Mr. Hoar, though nearly an octogenarian, is still an intellectual athlete, is shown by the ease with which he grapples with and overthrows in debate the champions of the bloody propaganda of imperialism in the senatorial arena; and though he is a belated champion of the Declaration of Independence, his stand now for that great charter of human liberty and foundation stone of the original American Union is a spectacle for admiration, unavailing though it must be. It is too late. Down to 1861 the doctrine of government by force was a monster of hideous mien to all Americans. But in that fatefully epochal year Mr. Hoar—Massachusetts—the North—took that doctrine to their embrace, and devoted themselves, during the next four years, to the overthrow and destruction of the doctrine of government by consent of the governed—the doctrine of the Declaration of Independence—the doctrine on which the American Union was founded.

1. "The Republic perished"—wrote Charles O'Connor, the foremost American lawyer of his time—"on the day that McDowell moved on to Richmond."

They succeeded, and the South and liberty lay bleeding together. The sword pierced the hearts of both, and side by side they lay in the dust. Government by consent of the governed went down at Appomattox, and on its ruins and in its stead government by force—the doctrine that might makes right—was enthroned, and the Republican party and the North have ever since worshiped at its shrine with an infatuation which cannot now be overcome nor shaken. It is too late now for Mr. Hoar to appeal to them or protest in the name of the Declaration of Independence and its doctrine of government by consent of the governed. That doctrine and that document were shot to death thirty-seven years ago on the soil of the State that gave birth to them—on the bleeding bosom of the very State that gave George Washington and Thomas Jefferson and Patrick Henry to the world.

The republic—the Republic of Washington and Jefferson, of Hancock and Adams, the republic of Mr. Hoar's fathers—that republic is gone. It perished under the fire of the "boys in blue" of 1861, just as the Filipino and his dream of freedom are perishing under the fire of the "boys in blue" of 1902. The lust of dominion destroyed it then, just as the lust of dominion is now destroying a brave little republic in South Africa, and massacring a people in the far off isles of the Orient who have dared to strike for liberty and the right of self-government. And when its awful ghost—the ghost of that republic

of his fathers—rises at imperial banquet boards and stalks through congressional halls, would that Mr. Hoar—for the sake of the noble, gallant fight he is making now—could say to it, “Thou canst not say I did it; never shake thy gory locks at me.” History will not permit him to say that, but it will record one bright page for him when it shall tell of the Filipinos’ struggle for liberty one hundred and twenty-five years after the Declaration of Independence.

[From *The Atlanta Journal*, July 3, 1902.]

STEPHENS VS. ROOSEVELT.

WAS THE SOUTHERN CAUSE THE CAUSE OF ANARCHY, AS
CHARGED BY PRESIDENT ROOSEVELT?

*How Alexander H. Stephens Answered the Charge
and Predicted Imperialism as the Ultimate
Result of the War Between the States.*

Recent utterances by the President of the United States coupling the cause of the Confederate States with anarchy call to mind a discussion years ago between Alexander H. Stephens and some Northern gentlemen who were visiting him at his home, Liberty Hall, in Crawfordville.

Making speeches like some of those lately made by Mr. Roosevelt may be his way of "wiping out the last vestige of sectionalism." It was not William McKinley's way. "The last vestige," etc., has been "wiped out," and "buried" ever so many times, but it is always resurrected and wiped in again when the exigencies of the Republican party or of Republican politicians seem to require it. It will be "wiped out" again when the country becomes involved in another foreign war and soldiers are again wanted from the South. It will be carefully concealed from view then

and will remain so while the war lasts and the soldiers are wanted. There wasn't a trace of it anywhere in sight four years ago, when Confederate old Joe Wheeler was fighting Spaniards and saving the American army from disastrous retreat in Cuba, when Micah Jenkins was illustrating South Carolina there and showing that he was the worthy son of a heroic Confederate sire, when Worth Bagley, of North Carolina (the first American officer killed in the Spanish-American war), gave up his young life there; when Tom Brumby, of Georgia, was by Dewey's side at Manila, and Hobson, of Alabama, was daring death in Santiago bay. Nothing was too good to say of the South then, for war was on and her sons were wanted on the firing line. And they were there. The sectional hue and cry and the bloody shirt were relieved from duty and sectionalism "buried" then.

But now all is changed. Grim-visaged war has smoothed his wrinkled front and hushed his stern alarums, the piping time of peace has come, and the President of the United States, who whilom mounted the barbed steed to fright the souls of fearful adversaries, now leaps nimbly into the political arena, snatches the lately buried corpse from the grave to which (as we were told) it had been consigned forever, hugs it in his arms and warms it into strenuous life again. For partisan purposes he fiercely fans the paling ashes and would stir the slumbering fires of

sectionalism into lurid flame once more. Ah, no, that was not William McKinley's way.

No longer need for them in the battle's van, so now, according to this president, Wheeler was an anarchist; and Bagley, Brumby, Jenkins and Hobson, sons of anarchists, for their fathers were Confederates and fought, like Wheeler, for "anarchy" in 1861. (According to Theodore Roosevelt, Robert E. Lee and Stonewall Jackson, Johnston, Beauregard, Hampton, and all their glorious company, were anarchists, while Jefferson Davis was the arch-anarchist of them all, and an infamous traitor—a Benedict Arnold—besides. Shades of the Mighty Dead! If this planet were still graced by your majestic presence what a pygmy in that presence would seem this ranting Rough Rider, drest by doleful chance in a little brief authority! With what ineffable derision would you regard the fantastic tricks he plays and the wild and whirling words he speaks!

The assertion that anarchy would have ensued from the success of the Southern cause in 1861-65 is common among Northern speakers and writers, most of whom, as well as the great mass of the Northern people are ill-informed about the Confederate States, as well as lamentably ignorant about American history generally. The idea that such would be the consequence of the triumph of that cause was industriously and artfully propagated by Northern political leaders with purposes of their own that could be served best by instilling it, as well as many others equally

misleading, into the minds of the multitude. The truth is, it was only by fooling and misleading the Northern people that the Northern politicians succeeded in bringing on the war between the North and South. Greg, the English author, recognized this truth, and in his history of the United States says: "The South was forced and the North tricked into war." Nearly all wars are brought on through the deceiving of the people by ambitious rulers and self-seeking politicians.

There *was* a time when there prevailed in the South what Mr. Lecky, the English historian, truly says was "a hideous orgie of anarchy, violence, unrestrained corruption, undisguised, ostentatious, insulting robbery, such as the world had scarcely ever seen." That was the decade immediately following 1865; but the North was the creator and promoter—its leading statesmen were the high priests—of that ten years' anarchistic orgy. It was the result of the success of the Northern—not the Southern—cause.

The visitors at Liberty Hall on the occasion to which I have referred were acquaintances and friends of Mr. Stephens in ante-bellum days, though not of like political faith with him, and that being their first meeting since those days, they were exchanging views, in a free and friendly way, about the war between the States, its causes, its character, its conduct and its results. There was, naturally, much difference of opinion between them, and there was unreserved but perfectly courteous and respectful

expression of that difference and of the reasons for it, wherever it existed. A discussion of that character under such circumstances was of course very interesting and instructive to one who had ears to hear.

As the Northerners viewed the matter the responsibility for the war rested on the South, for resisting Mr. Lincoln's acts "to maintain the government," which they termed "resisting the execution of the laws." Mr. Stephens held that the resistance was caused by the unconstitutional character of the acts, that the war was but a consequence of the unconstitutional measures adopted by Mr. Lincoln to maintain a government over the people and States of the South against their interests and against their consent; that there would have been no war, with its scenes of slaughter and carnage, its devastations and conflagrations and desolations, but for those acts on the part of Mr. Lincoln, as President of the United States—acts for which no warrant was to be found in the Constitution and laws of the country.¹

To this, one of the party, a gentleman from Massachusetts, who had the Roosevelt idea, replied that he admitted that if Mr. Lincoln had not done any of the things to which Mr. Stephens had referred there

1. George Grote, the English historian—a republican in principle and strongly opposed to slavery—is quoted by his biographer (who was his wife) as follows: "He once said in conversing with myself, in 1867, about the United States, 'I have outlived my faith in the efficacy of republican government regarded as a check upon the vulgar passions in a nation, and I recognize the fact that supreme power lodged in their hands may be exercised quite as mischievously as by a despotic ruler like the first Napoleon. The conduct of the Northern States in the late conflict with the Southern States has led me to this conclusion, though it costs me much to avow it, even to myself.'"—"Personal Life of George Grote," p. 314.

would have been no war, "and," he added, "there would have been no government left, either. General anarchy would have ensued, with burnings, slaughters and butcheries ad libitum."

I give Mr. Stephens's answer verbatim: "Let us see," said he. "You say general anarchy would have ensued. How so? Was not everything moving on peacefully and quietly throughout the Confederate States? Were there any indications of anarchy there? Were not the changes in their new Constitution all of a conservative character? Did this furnish any evidence of a tendency to anarchy on their part? How was it in the Northern States? What was there to introduce anarchy there? You say no government would have been left. How so, I again inquire? Would not the federal government of all the States that saw fit to remain in the Union as it then stood have been left? Was there any hostile resistance or opposition to that? There certainly was not, nor was any designed.

"But let us see further: Suppose the entire government—the entire conventional federal government, I mean—had gone to pieces, gone into dissolution temporarily or permanently, who would have been injured even by that? Would anybody have lost anything by it except the officeholders under it? And would any injury have occurred to them in such a catastrophe, further than the loss of their honors and salaries? Would not all the State governments have remained intact, clothed with all the powers of inher-

ent sovereignty, to maintain order and law throughout their respective limits, just as they did before the Union was formed? Is it not to the State governments, under our system, we look for all necessary protection and security against the approaches of anarchy? Had the general government the right to interfere in any way to prevent anarchy, or even an insurrection in a State, except at the request of the regularly constituted authorities of that State? Was not this government made by the States, and for their own several well-being? In the event, therefore, of a total dissolution of the federal government—in the event that all the Northern States had quit as well as the Southern, who would have been hurt by it? Whence would have come the anarchy you speak of, with its burnings, slaughters and butcheries?

“Would not the Southern States have had what the federal government was instituted to secure—peace and prosperity, with domestic tranquility? If not, whose business would it have been but their own? Would not the Northern States have had the same? If not, whose fault would it have been but their own? What was the government or the Union made for, but the good, the peace, the prosperity and happiness of the people of all the States? And who were the proper judges of the best interests of the people of all the States? Were they the officers of the federal government, or the States who made it?¹ If the

1. Wendell Phillips, in New Bedford, Mass., in 1861, said that the States who think their peculiar institutions require a separate government, “have a right to decide that question without appealing to you or to me.”

Northern manufacturing and commercial States had been indirectly injured by the withdrawal of the Southern States, to the extent of the benefits of the Union to them secured by their association under it, who could be justly subject to blame for this loss but themselves, in their breach of the compact which was the bond of the Union which had secured these advantages to them?"¹

If Mr. Roosevelt really believes what he says about anarchy in connection with the Confederate States, let him read these words (given precisely as they were uttered) of one of the profoundest and purest of American statesmen, and then answer them, not by mere dogmatic assertion, not in bronco-busting style and rough-rider rodomontade; but soberly, seriously, thoughtfully, dispassionately, in dignified, statesmanlike fashion—if he can. Let him know that, in reading them, he is reading the words of one who made the science of government the study of a long lifetime; one who, though he opposed the policy of secession in 1861, and did all he could to prevent its adoption then, never questioned the right of a State of the American Union to resort to that policy whenever, in its own judgment, its own best interests required it to do so—being in full accord, on that question, with the sentiments of the address issued by the

1. "Secession was the enthronement of law, the interposition of political sovereignty between the people and illegal usurpation. It was not mobocracy nor anarchy, but the appeal to Law, in its highest and most authoritative expression. There is not the remotest analogy, but irreconcilable opposition, between the claims of a mob and the deliberate action of a State, invoking its sovereignty."—J. L. M. Curry, in "The Southern States of the American Union," p. 236.

eminent statesmen and jurists of New England who met in convention at Hartford in 1814, and with the sentiments of the address delivered by John Quincy Adams before the New York Historical Society in 1839, in which address that distinguished statesman said that if the day should ever come when the States of the Union were "no longer attached by the magnetism of conciliated interests and kindly sympathies" it would be "far better for the people of the dis-United States to part in friendship from each other than to be held together by constraint; and then, reverting to the precedents which occurred at the formation and adoption of the Constitution, to form again a more perfect Union by dissolving that which could no longer bind, and to leave the separate parts to be re-united by the law of political gravitation to the center."¹

Let President Roosevelt know that the words here quoted in answer to the assertion that the cause of the South was the cause of anarchy, are the words of one who has shown, beyond confutation, that it was the cause of constitutional liberty—the cause of the federative principle of government against the principle of empire—the cause of the Grecian type of civilization against the Asiatic; the words of one who, when the war between the States was over and the Confederate States overthrown, did all he could for the re-

1. "The day did come; Heaven did not avert it; fraternal spirit did give way, and with good reason; for no men who had either feelings or interests would have borne longer with peril and provocation than the slave-holding States."—Charles Ingersoll, of Pennsylvania, in "Fears For Democracy," p. 187.

establishment, in the United States, of the principles on which their government was founded by the Revolutionary fathers. Let him know that they are the words of one who has incontestably shown that in that war the Confederate States defended those principles and the United States attacked them, and that when the Confederate States were overthrown those principles were overthrown.

Let him know that they are the words of one who wrote on history's enduring page, more than thirty years ago, that the cause of those who waged war on the Confederate States "involved the overthrow of the entire fabric of American free institutions and the erection of a centralized empire in its stead," and that "the principles upon which they waged that war involved that final result, and will, unless abandoned, necessarily and inevitably lead to that ultimate result." Let him look at this prediction and then look at the policy of empire upon which this country has already entered—at the imperial government established by the United States over eight million people of an alien race, eight thousand miles away; and at the burning, slaughtering and butchering by which that government is maintained. Eight million people, aspiring to and struggling for independence and the right of self-government, subjugated by a government on the opposite side of the globe that was founded on the principles of the Declaration of Independence—a declaration which asserts that "governments derive their just powers from the consent of the gov-

erned!" Eighty million people, of a republic founded on that doctrine, making war for the principle of despotism! With shot and shell, and fire and sword, and tortures horrible, forcing a government upon eight million people of a far distant land who are fighting for that doctrine! What a spectacle for the world and for coming ages!

But mark the precedent which the advocates of imperialism cite to-day in its justification. They point to the war waged against the Confederate States and ask in effect, what is the difference between forcing a government on eight million people on the other side of the Pacific, and forcing a government on five million people on the other side of the Potomac. In the words of the ablest of their number (Senator Spooner, of Wisconsin,), they say: "We forced a government upon the people of the South against their will because we had the men and money to do it with," and they argue that if it was right to do that it cannot be wrong to do the same as to the people of the Philippines. The force of the argument is not to be eluded by those who approve the forcing of a government upon the Southern people with an army of more than two and a half million men in 1865. The war against the people of the Philippines is no more violative of the principles of the Declaration of Independence and of constitutional liberty than was the war against the Confederate States and the people of the South. Senator Spooner and his co-imperialists of to-day understand this perfectly,

and they do not fail to drive the point home in their argument with those who upheld the principle of government by force then and condemn it now. They say that the principle involved in the war on the Filipinos is the same that was involved in the war on the South—namely, the maintenance of the government of the United States. They cite the measures adopted to maintain government in the one instance as precedents for the measures adopted for the same object in the other instance. They cite the devastation, conflagrations, desolations, all the atrocities of the war on the South as precedents for the burning, slaughtering and butchering in the Philippine islands. They find in the war on the Southern States all the precedents they need for the war on the Filipinos. It was and is all “to maintain the government.” And all that is needed to make it all right is to “have the men and money to do it with.” Such is the gospel of imperialism, the whole of which is summed up in the text—“Might makes right.” (Yet the truth remains—eternal, undying—that force can never decide the right or wrong of an issue,—can never determine the truth or falsity of any abstract reason.)

And, verily, it all shows that the principles upon which the war against the Confederate States was waged are marching on with giant strides, their banner full high advanced, with the dire device, “Imperialism,” blazing in letters of blood-red hue all over its folds. Some who upheld them then, affrighted at what they now see is their plain portent—appalled

at what they now see must, "necessarily and inevitably," be their "ultimate result"—are striving to check their onward march; and who now can doubt that, "unless abandoned," they will, as predicted by Alexander H. Stephens, "lead to the overthrow of the entire fabric of American free institutions and the erection of a centralized empire in its stead?"¹

And when it comes it will be but the consummation of the departure, in 1861, from the principles on which the republic was founded;—those principles the maintenance of which the Republican party, in its first National Convention, declared to be "essential to the preservation of our republican institutions." No republic can long survive the parting from the vitalizing principle which gave it birth. The great American republic departed from that principle in 1861, and its ultimate subversion and the erection of an empire in its stead will be but the penalty for that parting, come it soon or come it late. It was an evil and a direful thing to do, and Carlyle never wrote more truly than when he said: "Judgment for an evil thing is many times delayed some day or two, some century or two, but it is sure as life, it is sure as death!" States and nations, as well as individuals, are subject to this inexorable law.

The most conspicuous and eminent of those who, having taken part in the overthrow of the old American ideals in 1861-65, are now pleading for their res-

1. "It is true that republics have often been cradled in war, but more often they have met with a grave in that cradle."—Speech of Jefferson Davis in the House of Representatives, February, 1846.

toration, is Senator Hoar, of Massachusetts; but though he spake with the tongues of men and of angels his words would fall unheeded upon the ears of a people who more than a third of a century ago embraced the doctrine of government by force, and who are now, as they were then, "dazzled by military glory and delirious with the lust of conquest." They could no more turn back the swelling and bloody tide of imperialism than the wail of an infant in the throat of a volcano could stay the oncoming of the lava flood. All in vain does this venerable statesman—this old man eloquent—now invoke the old ideals. They were slain—they perished all—with the storm-cradled nation that fell at Appomattox. Their light was quenched in the blood and smoke of the battlefields of the war between the States, and we look without avail for the Promethean heat that can that light relume. Those old ideals were the grace and glory of a day that is dead, and will never come back to us. The perfume lingers, but the vase is forever shattered.

Let the President read the words of the statesman, patriot and seer whom I have quoted here, and refute them with facts and reason instead of fanfaronade and rant, or cease his denunciation of Confederates as anarchists. Else let him go down in history as merely a blatant demagogue and partisan, ready and willing, whenever occasion served, to prostitute for party, rather than consecrate to country, the high office in which the grievous chance of an anarchist assassin's bullet placed him.

SOME PRESIDENTIAL APPRECIATIONS.

I.

BY A UNITED STATES SENATOR.

“I know, sir, that we must make many allowances for that remarkable man, and especially must we not expect from him the language of moderation when dealing with the character and the motives of his political opponents. We must not judge the President in his moments of oratorical ferocity or by the way he ejaculates his parts of speech when the maniac frenzy of battle is in his blood.

“The President is not vindictive, he is simply strenuous; and these outbursts are due to that abounding animal energy which makes it impossible for him to move except with a bound, to speak except at the top of his voice, or to express his disapproval except with the full strength of his vocabulary. He is the strong man Kwasind, and rends and tears not from fury but from sheer excess of strength and energy. He resembles, in his habits of speech, my friend Joe Ballanfant’s horse, of which remarkable animal it was said that running away was his natural gait. [Laughter.]

“Now, I say that the President is not vindictive,

I do not believe that he hates Democrats any more than he hates grizzly bears or mountain lions. He just loves to shoot them. He is an always loaded gun, and can only go off with the full force of the powder that is in him. In his talk about the "treasonable" and "despicable" utterances of men whose motives and opinions are as honest as his own, just as when he described Mr. Bryan as a red-handed anarchist in the last campaign, the President was simply 'going off.'"—*From speech of Hon. Edward W. Carmack, of Tennessee, in the United States Senate, April 25, 1902.*

II.

BY A CONGRESSIONAL REPRESENTATIVE.

"The one fact that has become all impressive upon a resident of Washington is that this land of the free and the home of the brave has a President who is absorbed by a desire for notoriety. He has been photographed while walking, running, on horseback, in civil and military costume, in tall, short and slouch hats, with his hands up, down and folded, with his mouth stern, relaxed, open, half open and shut—in short, in all attitudes and moods.

"The advent of Roosevelt was a great thing for Washington photographers. His like was never seen in the White House, where he yells, bawls and impresses the average visitor with the idea that the

charge up San Juan hill is yet fiercely progressing. It is safe to say that if Mr. Roosevelt had won the Civil War he positively would have been unendurable. The truth is that our President is a gentleman of very limited mental capacity, fond of skyrockets and attuned to the symphony of a brass band. Considering the condition then and now to be found in the metropolis history will truthfully record that when he was called to Washington New York lost an officer peculiarly fitted to act as one of its police board.”—*Press report of an interview with Hon. Allan McDermott, Representative in Congress from New Jersey.*

III.

BY AN ECCLESIASTIC.

“It is true that the gentleman who now happens to sit in the presidential chair at Washington has written of President Davis: ‘Before Jefferson Davis took his place among arch traitors, etc., it was not unnatural that to dishonesty he should add treachery to the public. The moral difference between Benedict Arnold on the one hand, and Aaron Burr and Jefferson Davis on the other, is the difference between a politician who sells his vote for money and one who supports a bad measure to get a high political position.’

“When Mr. Davis was living, and a prisoner, a

fellow named Miles placed shackles on him in prison, though there was no necessity for it, and no one but a brute would have done it. But I have never heard that Miles, after Mr. Davis's death, brutally maligned his character. That species of envenomed malice was reserved for the recreant son of a Southern woman—the Rough Rider of Republican politics, the accident of 1902—the lightning change artist of the White House, who can hobnob with the Kaiser's brother, and sit cheek by jowl with an Alabama negro; who can indulge in meaningless platitudes while South, on the bravery and common heritage of Southern heroes, and denounce them before the Grand Army as anarchists; who can profess a broad American spirit, which brands sectionalism as a crime, and laud the loyalty of our veterans of 1861-5 to the Constitution and reunited country, while the damning evidence of his own written word shows that he compared 'the noblest Roman of them all,' Jefferson Davis, to a Benedict Arnold.

“Jefferson Davis was a statesman, a soldier, and a man of high character, a Senator, a Cabinet officer, a President, not put in office by a bullet, but by ballot.

“Theodore Roosevelt's title to immortal fame will rest on shooting beasts, and profiting by the murderous act of a reprobate who shot a man.”—*From the address of the Right Rev. Benjamin J. Keiley, Bishop of Savannah, on Memorial Day, April 26, 1902, at Savannah, Ga.*

IV.

BY "THE GEORGIA PHILOSOPHER."

"It fills me with disgust to see young men strutting around like peacocks—acting like they made themselves and knew everything and expected to live always—when the truth is they don't know where they came from nor where they are going and can't add an hour or a day to their existence. I have but little hope for a vain or a conceited man, and a vain woman is no better. A conceited man is close kin to an idiot, and a woman vain of her beauty should sometimes remember that she had no hand in creating it for it was God-given or inherited. 'Oh! why should the spirit of mortal be proud?' Of all the faults of which humanity is guilty that of self-conceit is the last to be forgiven and the hardest to reform.

"I ruminated on this yesterday when I read what Roosevelt said in his speech at West Point. The editor who publishes it speaks of him as our well meaning but impulsive President. He should have said our 'conceited and erratic President.' In speaking of the great men whom West Point had graduated he said, 'I claim to be a historian and I speak what I know to be true that West Point has turned out more great men and more statesmen than any other institution in the United States.' It was self-conceit

and ignorance that provoked such a monstrous absurdity, for Colonel Sprague, of Yale College, has recently challenged him to the proof and has shown beyond all cavil that Yale can number ten times the great men that West Point can number. Among them 1,383 ministers of the gospel, 78 justices of supreme courts, 17 chief justices, 546 doctors, 39 governors of States, and 38 United States senators—besides these Yale has sent forth an army of educators, established 480 colleges—160 for women—and 8,000 high schools; while West Point has sent out none but soldiers.

“Teddy ought to be ashamed of himself, but he will not be. He is not yet ashamed that in his so-called history he called Mr. Davis an arch traitor and repudiator, and told what he did when governor of Mississippi, etc. His attention has been called to these malignant calumnies against a great statesman, and whose curriculum at West Point that he ordained when secretary of war is still in force, and who never was a member of the legislature nor governor of Mississippi. No, he is too conceited to take back anything or to apologize for his mistakes. The man he slandered was dead when he published those lies, but his widow lives, and there are thousands of veterans all over the South who cherish his memory and who now hold his slanderer in supreme contempt. Yet he claims to be a historian! When a gentleman finds that he has unwittingly wronged another he hastens

to apologize, but a conceited idiot rolls the morsel under his tongue and chews it as a cow chews and swallows her cud. He feeds on his conceit.”—“*Bill Arp,*” in the *Atlanta Constitution*.

ADDENDA.

ADDENDUM A.

[Referred to on page 42.]

SHERMAN IN GEORGIA AND CAROLINA.

[Extract from Alexander H. Stephens's History of the War
Between the States, Vol. II, pp. 510-511.]

Private houses were sacked, pillaged and then burnt; and after all family supplies were destroyed, or rendered unfit for use, helpless women and hungry children were left destitute alike of shelter and food. I know men—old men, non-combatants, men who had nothing to do with the war further than to indulge in that sympathy which nature prompted—who were seized by a licensed soldiery and put to brutal torture, to compel them to disclose and deliver up treasure that it was supposed they possessed. They were in many instances hung by the neck until life was nearly extinguished, and then cut down with the promise to desist if their demands were complied with, and threats to repeat the operation to death if they were not. Judge Hiram Warner, one of the most upright and unoffending, as well as one of the most distinguished citizens of Georgia, was the victim of an outrage of this sort. He had had nothing to do with the war; but it was supposed that he had

money, and that was what these “truly loyal” “Union Restorers,” so-called, were most eager to secure. Instances of a similar character are numerous and notorious. In some cases, where parties resisted, their lives, as well as their purses, watches, and other articles of value, were taken!

[The following extracts are from a Pamphlet on The Destruction of Columbia, South Carolina, written and published in 1865, by the gifted and accomplished William Gilmore Simms, LL. D.]

The destruction of Atlanta, the pillaging and burning of other towns of Georgia, and the subsequent devastation along the march of the Federal army through Georgia, gave sufficient earnest of the treatment to be anticipated by South Carolina should the same commander be permitted to make a like progress in our State.

* * * * *

Half naked people cowered from the winter under bush-tents in the thickets, under the eaves of houses, under the railroad sheds, and in old cars left them along the route. All these repeated the same story of suffering, violence, poverty, and nakedness. Habitation after habitation, village after village—one sending up its signal flames to the other, presaging for it the same fate—lighted the winter and midnight sky with crimson horrors.

* * * * *

No language can describe, nor can any catalogue furnish an adequate detail of the wide-spread destruction of homes and property. Granaries were emptied, and where the grain was not carried off it was strewn to waste under the feet of the cavalry or consigned to the fire which consumed the dwelling. The negroes were robbed equally with the whites of food and clothing. The roads were covered with butchered cattle, hogs, mules, and the costliest furniture. Valuable cabinets, rich pianos, were not only hewn to pieces, but bottles of ink, turpentine, oil, whatever could efface or destroy was employed to defile and ruin. Horses were ridden into the houses. People were forced from their beds to permit the search after hidden treasures.

* * * * * * *

Hardly had the troops reached the head of Main street (in Columbia), when the work of pillage was begun. Stores were broken open within the first hour after their arrival, and gold, silver, jewels and liquors eagerly sought. The authorities, officers, soldiers, all, seemed to consider it as a matter of course. And woe to him who carried a watch with gold chain pendant; or who wore a choice hat or overcoat, or boots or shoes. He was stripped in the twinkling of an eye. Purses shared the same fate.

* * * * * * *

No one felt safe in his own dwelling; and, in the faith that General Sherman would respect the Con-

vent and have it properly guarded, numbers of young ladies were confided to the care of the Mother Superior, and even trunks of clothes and treasures were sent thither, in full confidence that they would find safety. Vain illusions! The Irish Catholic troops, it appears, were not brought into the city at all; were kept on the other side of the river. But a few Catholics were among the corps which occupied the city, and of the conduct of these a favorable account is given. One of them rescued a silver goblet of the church, used as a drinking cup by a soldier, and restored it to the Rev. Dr. O'Connell. This priest, by the way, was severely handled by the soldiers. Such, also, was the fortune of the Rev. Mr. Shand, of Trinity (the Episcopal) church, who sought in vain to save a trunk containing the sacred vessels of his church. It was violently wrested from his keeping, and his struggle to save it only provoked the rougher usage.

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In a number of cases the guards provided for the citizens were among the most active plunderers; were quick to betray their trusts, abandon their posts, and bring their comrades in to join in the general pillage. The most dexterous and adroit of these, it is the opinion of most persons, were chiefly Eastern men, or men of immediate Eastern origin.

But the reign of terror did not fairly begin till night. In some instances, where parties complained

of the misrule and robbery, their guards said to them, with a chuckle: "This is nothing. Wait till to-night and you'll see h—l."

About dark a body of the soldiers fired the dwellings of Mr. Trenholm, General Wade Hampton, and many others. There were then some twenty fires in full blast in as many different quarters. * * * The men engaged in this were well prepared with all the appliances essential to their work. They did not need the torch. They carried with them, from house to house, pots and vessels containing combustible liquids, composed probably of phosphorus and other similar agents, turpentine, etc., and, with balls saturated in this liquid, with which they also overspread floors and walls, they conveyed the flames with wonderful rapidity from dwelling to dwelling. Each had his ready box of lucifer matches, and, with a scrape upon the walls, the flames began to rage. Where houses were closely contiguous a brand from one was the means of conveying destruction to the other. * * * The work went on without impediment and with hourly increase throughout the night. * * * It was a scene for the painter of the terrible. * * * Throughout the whole of it the soldiers continued their search after spoil. The houses were soon gutted of their contents. Hundreds of iron safes, warranted "impenetrable to fire and the burglar," were not "Yankee proof." They were split open and robbed. Jewelry and plate in abundance was found. Men could be seen staggering off with huge waiters, vases,

candelabra, to say nothing of cups, goblets, and smaller vessels, all of solid silver. Clothes and shoes, when new, were appropriated—the rest left to burn.

* * * * *

Ladies were hustled from their chambers—their ornaments plucked from their persons, their bundles from their heads. It was in vain that the mother appealed for the garments of her children. They were torn from her grasp and hurled into the flames. The young girl striving to save a single frock, had it rent to fibres in her grasp. Men and women bearing off their trunks were seized, despoiled, in a moment the trunk burst asunder, with the stroke of axe or gun butt, the contents laid bare, rifled of all the objects of desire, and the residue sacrificed to the fire.

* * * * *

“Your watch!” “Your money!” was the demand. Frequently no demand was made. Rarely, indeed, was a word spoken, where the watch or chain, or ring or bracelet, presented itself conspicuously to the eye. It was incontinently plucked away from the neck, breast or bosom. Hundreds of women, still greater numbers of old men, were thus despoiled. The venerable Mr. Alfred Huger was thus robbed in the chamber and presence of his family, and in the eye of an almost dying wife. He offered resistance, and was collared and dispossessed by violence. We are told that the venerable Ex-Senator Colonel Arthur P. Hayne was treated even more roughly.

* * * * *

The pistol to the bosom or head of woman, the patient mother, the trembling daughter, was the ordinary introduction to the demand: "Your gold, silver, watch, jewels!" They gave no time, allowed no pause or hesitation. It was in vain that the woman offered her keys, or proceeded to open drawer or wardrobe, or cabinet or trunk. It was dashed to pieces by axe or gun butt, with the cry, "We have a shorter way than that!" It was in vain that she pleaded to spare her furniture, and she would give up all its contents. All the precious things of a family; such as the heart loves to pore on in quiet hours when alone with memory—the dear miniature, the photograph, the portrait—these were dashed to pieces, crushed under foot, and the more the trembler pleaded for the object so precious, the more violent the rage which destroyed it. Nothing was sacred in their eyes save the gold and silver which they bore away. Nor were these acts those of common soldiers. Commissioned officers, of rank so high as that of colonel, were frequently among the most active in spoliation, and, after glutting themselves with spoil, would often utter the foulest speeches, coupled with oaths as condiment.

* * * * *

There are some horrors which the historian dare not pursue—which the painter dare not delineate. They both drop the curtain over crimes which humanity bleeds to contemplate. * * * A lady, undergoing the pains of labor, had to be borne out

on a mattress into the open air, to escape the fire. It was in vain that her situation was described as the soldiers applied the torch within and without the house, after they had penetrated every chamber and robbed them of all that was either valuable or portable. They beheld the situation of the sufferer, and laughed to scorn the prayer for her safety.

Another lady, Mrs. J——, was but recently confined. Her condition was very helpless. Her life hung upon a hair. The men were apprised of all the facts in the case. They burst into the chamber—took the rings from the lady's fingers—plucked the watch from beneath her pillow, and so overwhelmed her with terror, she sunk under the treatment—surviving their departure but a day or two. In several instances, parlors, articles of crockery, and even beds, were used by the soldiers as if they were water-closets. In one case, a party used vessels in this way, then put them on the bed, fired at and smashed them to pieces, emptying the filthy contents over the bedding. In several cases, newly made graves were opened, the coffins taken out, broken open, in search of buried treasure, and the corpses left exposed. Every spot in graveyard or garden, which seemed to have been recently disturbed, was sounded with sword, or bayonet, or ramrod, in their desperate search after spoil.

JEFFERSON DAVIS'S REGIMENT IN MEXICO.

[Extract from the New York Sun's Review of the Memoir of
Jefferson Davis, by his wife.]

It was a fact well worth recording in this memoir that this regiment, from the Colonel down to the last private, returned home without a single article belonging to a citizen of Mexico. "The sacred silver and gold vessels and the church vestments studded over with precious stones were in an open room at Monterey and also at Saltillo. The image of the Virgin of Guadalupe, a large doll dressed in satin, was admired and examined, but left untouched, though the frock in which she was arrayed was worked in arabesques adorned with diamonds, rubies, and emeralds of great price, and she wore a necklace of immense pearls which were of several colors. Col. Davis saw one of the soldiers, in friendly conversation with an old priest, holding admiringly a gold reliquary, the top of which was rayed with diamonds, several hundred, he thought, altogether. The Mexicans felt and had perfect security for their property."

NORTHERN SOLDIERY IN MEXICO.

SECRET OF HIDDEN JEWELS REVEALED AFTER MANY
YEARS.

[From the *New York Herald*, Friday, December 26, 1902.]

TOLEDO, OHIO, Thursday.

A local paper says that Warren J. Baker, secretary of the Northwestern Ohio Masonic Relief Association,

made public to-day for the first time the secret history of the looting of Catholic cathedrals during the Mexican war. He tells how it was done and of the burial of the treasure. His tongue was loosened by a newspaper dispatch from Mexico City telling of the discovery of a chest of diamonds, sapphires, rubies, pearls and golden images beneath a flagstone in the chapel of Las Vozcainas College.

Mr. Baker says his father marched from Vera Cruz to Mexico City with General Scott's army. He and a tentmate, after plotting for weeks, dug their way into some of the richest cathedrals and pillaged them of their fabulous wealth of valuable stones and huge golden images, carrying their burdens of precious stones to a hiding place beneath the flagstones in a cathedral yard.

Mr. Baker's companion died soon afterward. Mr. Baker returned to his home in New York and then went to Hillsdale, Michigan. Fifteen years after plundering the cathedrals he confided his story to an intimate friend.

This friend wrote to the Mexican government, asking "If there would be any chance of a 'divvy' of the spoils" if he should tell the government where it could find the sacred and valuable altar decorations which had been stolen. In a letter bearing an official seal the Hillsdale man received warning that if he knew of any one who had a hand in the pillaging, or if he himself participated in it, he would do well to forget all he

knew about it and "keep mum," lest his life be sacrificed in revenge for the desecration of cathedrals.

Mr. Baker took the advice, but still intended to secure the treasure he had buried.

ADDENDUM B.

[Referred to on page 51.]

INTOLERANCE IN MASSACHUSETTS.

The reprehensible and un-American principle of political and religious intolerance has ever found congenial soil in Massachusetts. The spirit of the fathers there descended to the sons, and accordingly we find the notorious Hartford Convention (dominated by Massachusetts men) insisting that the Federal Constitution be amended so that no person naturalized thereafter could be eligible as a member of the Senate or House of Representatives of the United States, nor capable of holding any civil office under the authority of the United States; and forty years later (1855), having failed to get that proscriptive principle into the organic law of the Federal government, the people of Massachusetts then declared not only that no man born outside of the United States should hold office in that State, but "that no man who worshiped God in a Catholic church should hold office in the State." In this connection I think it well worth while to insert an extract from the speech of Hon. James B. Eustis, of Louisiana, in the United States Senate, January

21, 1891. In the course of his powerful speech on that occasion, Mr. Eustis said:

“I would remind the Senator from Massachusetts (Mr. Lodge), that, in my estimation and in my judgment, the case of the most relentless, unblushing, cruel, and unconstitutional political proscription is one that occurred in the State of Massachusetts.

“Sir, it was the aim of our fathers who framed the Constitution of the United States that this question of religion should never enter into our political deliberations or political action. From the bloody history of England they gathered the wisdom to provide that the people of the United States should be exempt from that terrible curse, religious contention and religious proscription; that it would be in violation of the spirit of the Constitution that any State or any political party should establish a religious test as a qualification for office in this country.

“And yet, Mr. President, do we not remember the period of 1854 and 1855 in the State of Massachusetts, when her people decided by an overwhelming majority, on a question that stirred the State from top to bottom, the principle and the proclaimed determination that no man who worshiped God in a Catholic church should hold office in the State; that before he became qualified (in the estimation of the people of that State), before he could reinstate himself as eligible to political office, no matter how insignificant, in the State of Massachusetts, he must renounce the religion of his mother and bow down to Massachusetts’

Protestantism, and worship that God, and that God alone?

“Was that the justice, Mr. President, which the Senator from Massachusetts invokes from us? Was that the toleration which he invokes from us? Ah, Mr. President, if that platform of Massachusetts and that political faith of Massachusetts had not been destroyed and exterminated in this country by the sturdy democracy of this land, this country from one end to the other would have been plunged into civil strife and human blood would have flowed on every political field of this vast domain.

“But this is not all, Mr. President. Not satisfied with making war upon the religion of their fellow-citizens, reviving the days when they burned convents and expelled nuns from their consecrated habitations; not yet satiated with that infernal spirit of political proscription which makes the blackest page that has been written in the history of this country; not satisfied with having gorged themselves with political power secured by having trampled upon the religion of their fellow-citizens, they extended their political warfare and their political proscription in still another direction, and declared in their platform and in their political creed that no man who was born abroad, although he might be a naturalized citizen of the United States, was qualified to hold office in the State of Massachusetts; that Mr. Pat Collins, who has served his State with distinction in the other House; who has conferred—though he would not say

so himself—honor upon the constituency which he represented in the other House, and who only a few days ago was tendered a position by a Democratic governor as judge of the supreme court of Massachusetts; that John Boyle O'Reilly, that great Irishman who made fame by his honesty, his patriotism, and his literary attainments, around whose tomb the other day were gathered, irrespective of party, thousands and thousands of Boston's citizens, feeling that the State of Massachusetts had suffered a terrible bereavement—that those two men, under the political creed which existed, and which probably the Senator from Massachusetts, if he had been old enough, would have indorsed, were unworthy for a double reason to hold any office in the State of Massachusetts—one because they were Catholics, and the other because they were foreign-born citizens."

ADDENDUM C.

[Referred to on page 68.]

THE FEDERATIVE PRINCIPLE OF OUR GOVERNMENT.

[Alexander H. Stephens, in "The War Between the States,"
Vol. 1, pp. 534-535.]

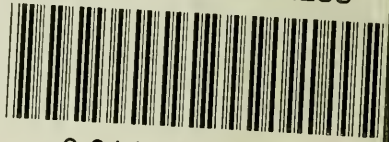
In the Federative principle of our Government its chief strength, its great beauty, its complete symmetry, its ultimate harmony, and, indeed, its very perfection, mainly consist; certainly, so long as the objects aimed at in its formation are the objects aimed

at in its administration. And, on this principle, on the full recognition of the absolute ultimate sovereignty of the several States, I did consider it the best, and the strongest, and the grandest Government on earth! My whole heart and soul were devoted to the Constitution, and the Union under it, with this understanding of its nature, character, objects and functions!

When, therefore, the State of Georgia seceded, against my judgment—viewing the measure in the light of *policy*, only, and not of right—I felt it to be my duty to go with her, not only from a sense of the obligations of allegiance, but from other high considerations of patriotism of not much less weight and influence. These considerations pressed upon the mind the importance of maintaining this principle which lies at the foundation of all Federal systems; and to which we were mainly indebted, in ours, for all the great achievements of the past. It was under this construction of the nature of our system that all these achievements had been attained. This was the essential and vital principle of the system, to which I was so thoroughly devoted. It was that which secured all the advantages of Confederation without the risk of Centralism and Absolutism; and on its preservation depended, not only the safety and welfare, and even existence, of my own State, but the safety, welfare, and ultimate existence of all the other States of the Union! The States were older than the Union! They made it. It was their own creation! Their preserva-

tion was of infinitely more importance than its continuance! The Union might cease to exist, and yet the States continue to exist, as before! Not so with the Union, in case of the destruction or annihilation of the States! With their extinction, the Union necessarily becomes extinct also. They may survive it, and form another, more perfect, if the lapse of time and changes of events show it to be necessary, for the same objects had in view when it was formed; but it can never survive them! What may be called a Union may spring from the common ruins, but it would not be the Union of the Constitution!—the Union of States! By whatever name it might be called, whether Union, Nation, Kingdom, or anything else, according to the taste of its dupes or its devotees, it would, in reality, be nothing but that deformed and hideous Monster which rises from the decomposing elements of dead States, the world over, and which is well known by the friends of Constitutional Liberty, everywhere, as the Demon of Centralism, Absolutism, Despotism! This is the necessary reality of that result, whether the Imperial Powers be seized and wielded by the hands of many, of few, or of one!

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